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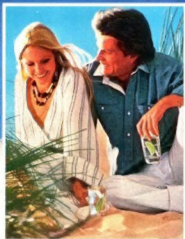


Peter Max

McCartney Comes Back

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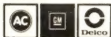


changes. It will probably call for a change in terms of mileage or time, whichever comes first. So think months, not just miles, to protect your engine.

See what your manual says about your air filter, too. A clogged air filter could hurt gasoline mileage.

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**Go
with the names
you know.**



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Message to America

From French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

A



While France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was touring the U.S. last week, many Americans were reading his views on their country at 200 in a new TIME feature, inaugurated in last week's issue, called "Message to America." Giscard's message—which, among other things, is that the U.S. is seen as a land of "enterprise, initiative, movement" and "prodigious resiliency"—was the first in a series of letters written for TIME by foreign leaders that we plan to publish periodically as part of our Bicentennial observance. The series is intended to offer Americans a rare perspective on how others see them, as well as provide friends and critics of the U.S. with an opportunity to speak directly to our 25 million readers in America and elsewhere.

In a letter inviting the French President and other leaders to participate in this series, TIME Inc. Editor-in-Chief Hedley Donovan defined the aim: "We hope that these messages will be completely candid, that they will express how world leaders perceive America today, its past, its future, its virtues, its faults, and what they hope and expect from America in the years ahead." This enterprise, the letter noted, "is very much in the American tradition, going back to the Declaration of Independence, which invoked a 'decent respect for the opinion of mankind.'"

Covering rock music during its acid-hard past used to be something of an athletic contest for correspondents, who had to dodge all manner of bodyguards and groupies to talk to the stars. This week's cover subject, Paul McCartney, the Beatle who came back as a Wing, is not short of fans or muscle—a burly ex-football player guards his door. But Correspondent James Willwerth found that his main obstacle on this assignment was, of all things for a rock hero, Mc-

ART BY BARBARA



WILLWERTH WITH MCCARTNEYS

Cartney's keen devotion to family life. "Paul was far more interested in being with his children than talking to journalists," reported Willwerth. "At one point while we talked, his daughter Mary walked in, near tears. Paul walked her gently out, saying, 'All right, little Miss Emotion . . .'" Willwerth followed the McCartney road show through Philadelphia and Atlanta, filing his reports to New York, where the story was written by Jay Cocks, researched by Edward Tivnan and edited by Martha Duffy.

Ralph P. Davidson

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Reaching Into Hearts, Not Minds

To the Editors:

Political experts seem baffled by Jimmy Carter's phenomenal success in the primaries [May 10]. I think the answer is quite simple. The other candidates are trying to reach into the minds of men; Carter reaches into their hearts.

Jean Maggio
New York City

Are we to believe that from little peanuts great oaks will grow?

Margaret A. O'Brien
New York City

Intriguing, isn't it, how far we've come in 200 years? You say, "Some crit-

telligent personal decision based on his interpretation of the candidate's platform and past performance.

The shouts of outraged bureaucrats, the laments of political insiders, and the uncertainties of opponents of Carter's candidacy sound like music to me.

Jim McKinnis
Seattle

The more this presidential race drags on, the more I long to go into a voting booth and be able to pull a lever labeled "none of the above."

Robert M. Juelich
Athens, Ohio

C'mon, Good Buddy

Living in the midst of "The Bodacious New World of CB" [May 10], I can no longer enjoy uninterrupted entertainment from my radio or television. For instance, the beginning of my favorite late-night TV show more often than not sounds like this: "Mary Hartman, c'mon, good buddy!" Simultaneously, the picture reception becomes more scrambled and disoriented than Mary Hartman herself. What makes you think that "TV is, after all, a nonparticipating pastime"?

Diane Scheer
Denver

True, CBs may some day be required equipment on all cars, but when my car is sold, its history will read "Driven by a little old lady CB never turned on."

Velma A. Corel
Lawrence, Kans.

ics suggest that if he were elected, Carter's religious life might intrude on his acts as President." Two hundred years ago voters would have assumed that a leader's religious life would intrude on his acts, and in fact would have been terribly disturbed if it didn't.

Frankly, other things you point out about Carter such as his almost total humorlessness, his iron will and his rigidity are the terrifying elements in his character. I prefer religion any day.

Nancy Cammack
Ruxton, Md.

From your cover it was almost impossible to determine whether Jimmy Carter was smiling, sniggering or sneering at the American public. He and Mona Lisa would make a dandy pair of presidential running mates.

Michelle Williams
Woodside, N.Y.

The fact that Carter has triumphed against the political pros and organizations by his intelligent, positive and honest campaigning should give one a renewed sense of confidence in the ability of the American voter to render an in-

terested and informed opinion. You laud the hundreds of thousands of CBers who have polluted the air waves with their gibberish, but you mention only in passing that the FCC is having problems with these people. What you fail to say is that the band was designed to be used by the increasing number of businesses that want to be able to communicate with their people in the field.

If people want to get on the air just to "chew the rag," they could become radio amateurs (hams). That would give them not just one band but many more.

Donald L. Rastede
Lewisburg, Pa.

At last you have shown that people who use radios for communication are quite normal. You will also learn that there is a group known as Amateur Radio Operators, who can, in addition to talking on the radio, talk through orbital satellite, run teletype machines, talk around the world, send disaster

messages from Guatemala, even operate their own TV stations, all from their home, car, boat or airplane.

James R. Hain
Lockport, N.Y.

Three-Legged Stoolie

Ms. McLellan's duties as a snitch for the *Washington Star* [May 10] certainly must keep her on the run, since she seems to have developed a third leg.

Frank Lemon
Fairfield, Calif.

While you mention that Ms. Laque is 5 ft. 8 in., I think it is only fair to add that Ms. McLellan is 3 legged, 2 feet.

Gail Eberhart
Newberg, Ore.



DIANA McLELLAN (LEFT) AND LOUISE LAQUE

Beastly or Manly?

Having lived and studied among the Yānomamō Indians of South America, I feel most concerned about your article, which appeared under the disturbing title "Beastly or Manly?" [May 10].

The Yānomamō happen to have been studied at a time when their patterns of warfare and raiding were still intact. It also seems to be the case that outsiders came to know them during an unusually tumultuous period. As a result, disproportionate attention has been focused on the role of aggression and violence in Yānomamō society.

Now, in the light of pop ethnology and sociobiology, the Yānomamō are seen not only as "wild Indians" but as one short step away from a baboon troop. The familiar tendency to look upon other groups of people as being less fully human than ourselves here masquerades as science.

I would like to make it clear that the Yānomamō are not the missing link.

Judith Shapiro
Department of Anthropology
Bryn Mawr College, Pa.

As a missionary at one time near the geographical center of the Yānomamō Indians, and knowing them as friends, I am aware of contradictions to Dr. Chagnon's conclusions. Here, simplified for brevity, are just a few: 1) hearing of female infanticide surprised the Yānomamō people; 2) wars seldom begin by wife stealing; 3) families of warlike men are not necessarily larger than those of less warlike men.

It is opportunistic of evolutionists to accept some facts and reject others because they might imply a specific creation.

Paul Shadle
Bridgewater, N.J.

Last Laugh

In a recent article on who Deep Throat might be [May 3], you said that I was a possibility. The idea is so bizarre that I must laugh. First, I would not have been a source for Woodward and Bernstein if I could have been. Second, I was not privy to any secret information about Watergate of any kind. Third, at the time the supposed Deep Throat was operating out of Washington garages, I was living in Santa Cruz, Calif.

I think that if I, an editorial writer at the *Wall Street Journal*, had been as careless as your writer, I would have caught hell.

Benjamin J. Stein
The Wall Street Journal
New York City

Knight Demarest

Your cover story on "Modern Royalty" [May 3] is without question the most beautiful—indeed, magical—piece of writing in a long time. Michael Demarest should be knighted.

Emmett Davis
New York City

Unity v. Truth

Your story on Harold Lindsell's book *The Battle for the Bible* [May 10] implies that unity is of greater importance than truth. Yet Evangelicals at the recent World Council of Churches Assembly in Nairobi did not hesitate to challenge this thesis. Nor did those earlier Evangelicals, the Protestant reformers.

Lindsell has illustrated his point with specific historical instances. Do his critics have contradictory evidence? If so, let them cite this rather than reproach or ridicule, and furnish the evangelical public with thoughtful options rather than defensive reactions.

Hudson T. Armerding, President
World Evangelical Fellowship
Wheaton, Ill.

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TIME, MAY 31, 1976

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TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Overdoing It?

In presidential election years, the rest of the world wearily assumes that U.S. foreign policy will either come to a halt or else go haywire. This year the main danger seems to be a harsh new belligerency in official U.S. rhetoric as the Ford Administration moves to blunt the strident criticism of conservative Challenger Ronald Reagan.

West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has been particularly irritated by Gerald Ford's somewhat ridiculous ban of the word *détente*—a policy that is identified with Schmidt's Social Democrats and widely questioned by his Christian Democratic opposition. He must have winced last week as that longtime scourge of the Republican right wing, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, during a U.S. Bicentennial ceremony in Frankfurt, lashed out at the Soviet Union. "We find ourselves faced with a new and far more complex form of imperialism, a mixture of czarism and Marxism with colonial appendages," he said. He warned that "a continuing attempt is under way to organize the world into a new empire in which the Soviet sun never sets."

Rockefeller had said all that before. Moreover, while his language was extreme, he expressed a valid concern. Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin rather mildly complained to senior American officials that while he understands the exigencies of presidential politicking, his bosses think the U.S. may be "overdoing it."

Probably. There are analysts who argue that Henry Kissinger's sound African policy might have cost Ford some votes and that there are people who are taking the phony Panama issue seriously. Yet the polls show that voters, overall, are not that impressed by foreign policy issues, which suggests that everybody might just as well relax.

Attila's Inner Circle

Odd, isn't it, how practically everybody in Richard Nixon's inner circle now claims, "I was never really close to him?" The phrase, or something like it, pops up in *The Final Days* and in the novel ground out by newly minted Author John Ehrlichman; Knopf only knows where it will appear next. All of which prompted *Christian Science Monitor* Columnist-at-Large (and TIME Books Contributor) Melvin Maddocks to weigh in last week with excerpts from a recently discovered 5th century manuscript titled *I Was Never Really Close to Attila the Hun*. Samples:

"Attila was a moody man... Nobody truly knew him except his moth-

er, who sent him two hair shirts every winter..."

"A lot of people have said Attila was none too bright... Some of his aides called him 'Turniphead' behind his back... I never called him that, though I have to admit that the subtleties of foreign relations were definitely not his forte..."

"Meat went right to his head. After only one roast boar he'd begin talking wildly about what he'd do to the Romans. I remember once, when two or three of us were aboard his five-man kayak on the Rhine, he stood up, shaking his leg of antelope, and boasted how he was going to get those effete unprintables! He had a carving knife in his free-hand and this really sincere look in his eyes, and I don't know what would have happened if the kayak hadn't tipped over."

"In justice to Attila, he honestly did want to make the world safe for Huns... When I found out what a weak, pitiable man he really was, I felt it my duty... to stay around the White Tent and keep things from getting completely out of control. For I was the only moderating influence... I kept saying: 'All right. Kill the women, Attila. But why can't we spare children under four?'"

You get the idea.

Critical Reviews from Abroad

Many Americans accept as a truism Winston Churchill's famous aphorism—"Democracy is the worst form of government, except for all those other forms that have been tried from time to time." But many foreigners—even if they have lived in the U.S. for a time—seem to feel that democracy, at least in its American incarnation, is not right for them.

In the past 23 years 550 business, political and educational leaders from 86 foreign countries have studied American life and thought firsthand, for up to five months, under the privately financed Eisenhower Exchange Fellowship program. Of the 280 who responded to a recent survey, more than half rejected the U.S. system of constitutional democracy as a model for their countries. Nearly two-thirds said the U.S. social-welfare system is inadequate. Fully 85% thought Americans were unsympathetic to foreign revolutionary governments. More than half scorned U.S. trade policy and foreign investment as being motivated chiefly by self-interest. A slight majority rated the U.S. as altruistic only in combatting pollution of the seas and feeding the hungry.

There was one bright area in the fellows' generally negative view of the U.S.: almost two-thirds found equality of opportunity existed for most U.S. citizens, while another 26% thought it existed at least for some.

THE PRIMARIES

More Upsets



REAGAN REACTING TO AN AIRPORT CROWD
The race was back on his friendly turf.

in a Volatile Spring

According to all the expert predictions, Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan will battle right down to the wire. The California challenger stands to win six or seven of the nine primaries this week and next. Then on June 8, the President should easily take Ohio and New Jersey, but the big leap probably will be made that day by the winner in California, where former Governor Reagan lately has moved ahead. On the Democratic side, Jimmy Carter should win three or four of this week's primaries, then run behind Governor Jerry Brown in California but do well in Ohio and New Jersey. Adding it up, Carter should go into the July convention with more than 1,000 delegates.

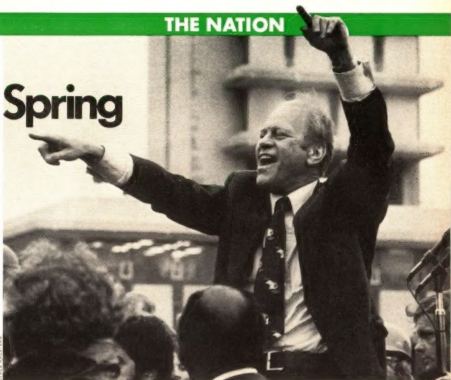
Trouble is, all that is the script as seen by politicians, pollsters and pundits, and throughout this volatile spring, the American voter has been upsetting many an expert forecast. Skeptical, grouching and defiantly refusing to be shoved into anyone's political pocket, the voter is giving the pollsters an unusual drubbing. It is as if the voters are saying perversely: "O.K., wise guys, you think you've got me pegged? Well, you're wrong."

That was never more true than last week. Ford's closest aides were dreadfully afraid that he would lose his home state of Michigan, and his own polls showed him only narrowly ahead. But the President revived his campaign with a resounding 2-to-1 win. In one race that did go according to forecast, he carried Maryland by 16 percentage points. The polls also showed a confident Carter to be leagues ahead of Morris Udall in Michigan and in front of Brown in Maryland. Instead, the Georgian beat Udall by only a whisker and lost to Brown by twelve percentage points.

The picture:

THE REPUBLICANS. In Michigan, Ford's fear of Wallace cross-over voters proved groundless. More than 400,000 Democrats and independents apparently did jump into the more exciting Republican contest—but they voted overwhelmingly for Ford. Doing so, they also deprived Carter of much support he might have had. Why did they do it? At least one motive was explained by Detroit Public Relations Counselor James P. Chapman, who supports Carter but voted for Ford: "Reagan's right-wing aggressiveness scares the hell out of me. If he gets the nomination, there's always a chance he can be elected."

The recently more "presidential"



FORD CAMPAIGNING TOWARD VICTORY ON HIS HOME GROUND IN MICHIGAN
But no euphoria or illusions about what lies ahead.

Ford seems to be gaining on the issues. He is stressing his peace-and-prosperity record instead of responding to Reagan's diversionary attacks. Reagan's assaults on Henry Kissinger were blunted by the Secretary of State's confirmation in two television interviews that he would prefer not to stay on, even if Ford is elected.

Yet Ford could be faulted for delaying until late last week final action on re-creating the Federal Election Commission—a move that had stalled the campaign funds that are overdue to Reagan. Moreover, at least the timing of an announcement that the Justice Department may try to limit court-ordered busing could be questioned as an effort to help Ford in some remaining primary fights. With considerable justification, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Roy Wilkins asked pointedly: "Why now? Why now?"

Though the Michigan and Maryland victories reassured Ford and his aides, they were far from euphoric about the future. Said one: "We don't have any illusions. We recognize what's ahead, and frankly, the numbers are tough." Even after Michigan and Maryland, Reagan still led Ford in committed delegates 516 to 475 (needed to nominate: 1,130).

After four private conversations in which they discussed the Reagan delegate advantage, Ford and Vice President Nelson Rockefeller plotted a dramatic countermove. To slow any rush of uncommitted delegates to Reagan, Rocky agreed to throw as much of the big New York delegation as he could

behind Ford now—rather than wait until the August convention, when it might be too late. The 154 New York delegates were to meet this week, and at least 120 were expected to announce for Ford. Late last week, 88 out of Pennsylvania's 103 uncommitted delegates voted to support Ford. That put the President ahead of Reagan in the total delegate count, 563 to 525.

The President needed that lift because the fight now moves mostly to Reagan's friendly Southern and Western turf. Of this week's six primaries (Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas) and next week's trio (Montana, Rhode Island and South Dakota), Ford was a favorite only in Oregon and Rhode Island. With the delegate count so close, the final "Super Bowl" day of primaries in California, New Jersey and Ohio on June 8 could be decisive.

THE DEMOCRATS. "Get Carter" is not only the name of a movie but the rallying cry of a host of rivals who sense that he is vulnerable. In the past two weeks he has beaten Udall by 2% in Connecticut and 3% in Michigan, lost a squeaker to Frank Church in Nebraska, and has been clobbered by Brown in Maryland. This week Californian Brown is favored to win neighboring Nevada, and Church to carry his native Idaho. But Carter is working hard at holding his edge in Oregon and is a safe bet in Arkansas, Kentucky and Tennessee. Carter is still the odds-on favorite for the

THE NATION

nomination, but as Laurence Radway, Democratic party chairman in New Hampshire, observed: "I watch his face, and it's obvious that his smile is a little more forced than it was before."

His down-in-the-mouth rivals, on the other hand, were beginning to smile again—if a little weakly. Two of Hubert Humphrey's never-say-die supporters—Illinois Congressman Paul Simon and New York's Erie County (Buffalo) Democratic chief Joseph Crangle—announced a drive to corral uncommitted delegates and money for him. Said Simon: "There are times when the office must seek the candidate."

Udall demonstrated in Michigan that he cannot be taken for granted; he keeps on coming. Brown showed in Maryland that he can have wide appeal. He won Scoop Jackson's lunch-bucket crowd, Mo Udall's suburban Volvvo-

the same." Carter's new math is intimidating. Through last week he had won 13 of the 19 primaries he entered and nearly 5 million votes—about four times the totals of Udall or Jackson. Even while losing the Maryland "beauty contest" to Brown, Carter picked up 32 of the state's delegates; he collected an additional 69 in Michigan. At week's end he had a total of 772 firm delegates, with 1,505 needed to nominate.

Carter operatives give the uncommitted delegates no rest. Either they or the boss are constantly on the phone to them. The candidate also paid a two-hour call on Senator Adlai Stevenson III, the Illinois favorite son who, along with Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, controls 92 delegates. There has been talk of a Stevenson vice presidency. Though Stevenson, who has been reading everything about Carter that he can

Brown: Test

Andy Warhol once predicted that "in the future everybody will be world famous for at least 15 minutes." That McLuhanesque pronouncement comes uncannily close to what is happening to the Democratic candidates in this political season. After shuffling through a dozen presidential contenders in the first 18 primaries, the party focused much of its attention last week on California Governor Jerry Brown. He single-mindedly pushed for maximum exposure in Maryland for three weeks, stirred enormous excitement among voters and gave Jimmy Carter his worst licking since the New York primary.

Though Brown, 38, regards himself as the exemplar of a new generation in politics, his strategy had old-fashioned aspects. He eagerly embraced every stop-Carter machine politician who offered help, notably Governor Marvin Mandel and Baltimore County Executive Ted Venetoulis. Observing that Carter also welcomed organization support, Brown quipped, "You've heard the old biblical expression, 'In my father's house there are many machines.'"

Emotional Reactions. His style is certainly fresh. He declines Secret Service protection, rides in a rented van and brusquely turns down little gifts, even a necktie painted with a presidential seal that was proffered by an executive of a garment factory. He evokes an emotional, visceral reaction from many voters. At a Western Electric plant outside Baltimore, he created pandemonium: men pressed forward to shake his hand, women squealed and virtually swooned. For many women his appeal was frankly sexual. Gushed one: "He's got the greatest eyebrows I've ever seen." Comparisons with the Kennedy brothers are obvious yet only add to the enigma of the bachelor who rarely dates, lives in a sparsely furnished apartment and seems most comfortable talking about philosophy. So what has turned on voters?

Reports TIME: Correspondent Bonnie Angelo: "He is brushed with star quality—it is almost tangible as he races through a factory or strides down a street. In appearance, there is about this taut, intense, self-sufficient man an anathracite hardness. His nose is bony and defined with a hook that is faintly fierce. His mouth, unlike Jimmy Carter's, does not rest in a smile. Relaxed, it is the mouth of a tennis player who is psyched up and poised, waiting for the serve. He speaks in lean sentences, quoting Aristotle, the Bible, and Dylan Thomas. He tosses erudite quips over the heads of his listeners and so appreciates precision of language that he once signed a well-written petition for Soviet Jews, 'as much for the syntax as the substance.'"

"On the campaign trail, he is a political Rorschach test. People see in him what they want to see. In Maryland,



MORRIS UDALL ON CAMPAIGN SWING IN A MARYLAND SHOPPING MARKET
Losing by a whisker, but he keeps on coming.

taries, and cut deeply into Carter's ghet-to constituency; Catholics also flocked to the former Jesuit seminarian.

Brown gave the impression of being even more of an anti-Establishment candidate than Carter and was fuzzier on the issues. Because of endorsements from Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, Henry Ford II and officers of the United Auto Workers, Carter was converted from outsider to insider. As a Detroit citizen explained, "I voted for Udall because I was trying to vote out anybody who is in." In San Clemente, even Richard Nixon got into the anti-Carter act. When Carter's name was mentioned, the former President reacted by throwing his head back and hamming it up with an exaggerated show of teeth.

Beauty Contest. But the stop-Carter drive has made only a modest start. Says a Democratic official in California: "What difference does it make if the train is going 30 m.p.h. instead of 60 when it runs over you? The results are

find, does not agree with the Georgian on every issue, he believes that "Carter is clearly in the ballpark."

Even if Carter can be stopped, the cost to the party might be prohibitive. Says Douglas Fraser, a vice president of the U.A.W. who has been backing Udall: "If Carter hits 1,000 delegates, the Democratic Convention can't give the nomination to someone who didn't even contest in the primaries. The people have been led to believe that they have been having a hand in picking the nominee. If they are told that all that went on didn't mean anything, the people just won't swallow that." Indeed, most of the South, resentful at the rejection of one of its own, might be swept away to the G.O.P. What Carter means to his region was demonstrated when Senator Bennett Johnston, a Louisiana Democrat, remarked: "I must say I look forward to the day when we will again have someone in the White House who doesn't speak with an accent."

By Rorschach

zealous Campaign Worker Ellen McCarthy views him as the candidate most like her father Eugene McCarthy. But Brown's Rhode Island vice chairman, State Senator Guido Canulla, who describes himself as a 'hard-core conservative,' sees Brown as someone whom conservatives could rally round."

Hard Work. Brown's vagueness on the issues—he has spelled out far fewer specifics than Carter—appeals to people who are suspicious of politicians' promises. He proclaims, "All I guarantee is a lot of hard work and to tell you what is working and what is not." Still, he has given a general indication of some of his views. He would support stricter conservation laws because "we need a more benign relationship with the planet." He vows to end unemployment ("a paycheck in every pocket"), both through public employment and by stimulating private employment; he would loosen the money supply in hopes of helping housing and other industries.

Promises such as these conflict with Brown's preachments of frugality and the limits of Government, raising questions in some people's minds about whether his liberal-conservative mixture of ideas is a sophisticated attempt to find a new synthesis, a ploy to win votes—or just plain confusion Brown insists that there is really no contradiction (see box following page). Thus, without skipping a beat, he says he would be tight-fisted as President, boasting that as Governor of California he has opposed tax increases and held the line on the number of state employees and the state budget. Says he:



BROWN AT A ROCK CONCERT WITH LINDA RONSTADT AND THE EAGLES IN LANDOVER, MD. Jesuit thinking, Talmudic logic and sex appeal.

"I'm not conservative—I'm just cheap."

He regards the controversy over the Panama Canal as "the big macho symbol of the '70s." He rails against the "Faustian bargain" by which the U.S. sells arms overseas to offset the costs of oil imports. In dealing with the Soviets, he says, "I will be a tough bargainer. I would certainly use wheat, technology, everything to get the Russians to limit this mad rush to destruction." But he refuses to take specific stands on defense spending.

Brown is more specific on what he perceives to be his differences with Carter. He insists that his 17 months as a Governor and four years as secretary of state in California—"bigger than many countries"—give him better qualifications than Carter's single term as Governor of Georgia. In making that claim, Brown ignores the mixed reviews he has received as Governor (TIME, April 26) and the criticism of some Californians that he has recently spent too little time on state business. But Brown claims a further advantage over Carter: the fact that as a child he absorbed politics by observing his father Pat Brown, who served two terms as Governor.

Not Cold. Despite that boast, Brown has not used his father as a close counselor in this campaign. Pat Brown told TIME Correspondent Leo Janos, "We confer by phone. I offer advice, but Jerry never indicates whether he's going to take it or not." Then, a bit poignantly, he added, "Well, you know, those seminary years change a person. Hell, I remember so well, I was the Governor of California, and I could visit with my son only two hours a week, on Sunday afternoons. The seminary experience has to make you more introspective than other people. They say Jerry is a cold personality. That's nonsense. He's warm and really cares about people, but he is introspective."

Jerry Brown claims he is following no campaign master plan, but he does have a strategy for the next few weeks. He is expanding his efforts to raise funds, which so far total about \$600,000. Last weekend he attended a \$25-a-ticket fund-raising party at Hugh Hefner's

MEETING AND GREETING POTENTIAL VOTERS AT A SUPERMARKET IN PIKESVILLE, MD.



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fortress-like mansion in Los Angeles. This week he was campaigning in Nevada and mounting an aggressive write-in campaign in Oregon. But to block Carter he must surge in California on June 8.

Brown is also urging votes for uncommitted delegates who are running under his banner in Rhode Island next week and New Jersey on June 8. His staff has hopes of picking up delegates from Delaware, North Dakota, Utah and Colorado in the coming weeks. A

realistic expectation is that he will arrive at the convention with something over 200 delegates—and then, who knows? He insists that he has a chance of beating back Carter some time after the first ballot at the convention. Says Brown: "If I do, I see no reason why I shouldn't be the nominee. So I just work back from that and run it through. That's my Jesuit thinking and Talmudic logic." In the eyes of most Democrats, it is also an impossible dream this year—*but wait till 1980 or 1984.*

Carter Faces the 'Fuzziness' Issue

The best jokes coming out of a campaign notably lacking in humor center on Jimmy Carter's alleged fuzziness on the issues. Samples:

► In a bridge game, after an opponent has raised the contract to three spades, Jimmy says, "Well, then I'll bid four." Four what? "I'll tell you after the convention."

► When his father asked young Jimmy if he chopped down the family's beloved peach tree, the lad responded, "Well, perhaps."

► Then there's Comic Pat Paulsen's line, "They wanted to put Carter on Mount Rushmore—but they didn't have room for two more faces."

Some people may be getting laughs out of the situation, but there is no doubt that the candidate has a serious problem with fuzziness. TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud, who has covered Carter since late last year reports:

In the weeks leading up to last Tuesday's primary, Michigan voters saw TV commercials purporting to show the two faces of Carter. Caricatures, alternately smiling and scowling, were flashed on a split screen while an announcer reported that Carter has persistently taken different positions on various issues—from abortion to breaking up the oil companies. The commercials exhorted people to vote for Carter's leading liberal opponent, Udall. His narrow loss to the heavily favored Carter suggests that Udall's ads may have hit home.

Meanwhile, in Maryland, Jerry Brown had also accused Carter of straddling the issues. Post-election polls showed that even people who voted for Carter were not certain about his stands. Soundings over the past several months indicate that liberals who support Carter tend to see him as a liberal, while conservatives view him as a conservative. For Carter's opponents, that means the Georgian has misled the voters.

Higher Standard. The problem is far from new. Critics recalled last week that after First Lieut. William Calley Jr. was convicted in the spring of 1971 of murdering at least 22 South Vietnamese civilians at My Lai, Carter warned that "the ruling will seriously demoralize our troops." He described the conviction as a message to American soldiers that "we don't approve of your actions if you carry out orders." The next day, he proclaimed American Fighting Men's Day in Georgia to honor U.S. servicemen in Viet Nam. A month or so later, Carter modified his stand. He explained that he had "merely tried to escalate the Calley reaction into support for our fighting men, not just Calley." Said he: "I could never condone murder or the acts of Calley"—and suggested that his su-

'The Chemistry Has Changed'

As Jerry Brown got ready to do battle in Oregon and Nevada, he discussed his campaign and his views with TIME's Jess Cook. Highlights:

Q. Why have you said politics requires a sense of the absurd?

A. Did I say that? Well, there is a sense of going through a programmed ritual. Each person plays a role—the press, the candidate. It's repetitive. It is absurd to be saying the same thing over and over. There seems to be a premise that a good candidate can produce the Holy Grail. All you can really do is say your piece, which isn't all that different from anybody else's. But I can't come up with a better substitute [to campaigning]. It's a testing process that brings out what people are like.

Q. You recently remarked that you represent the future, meaning what?

A. I said that too? I suppose I have a sense that my own thinking is more contemporary than Carter's. The world is changing. We need to be open to that. I think my candidacy stands for a renewal in the political process. If I were nominated and elected, that in itself would symbolize the vitality and energy of the country, that we were putting the era of Viet Nam and Watergate behind us and going on to work on constructive problems. But I'm not trying to oversell what I can do. Our social fabric is rather tattered. There's been a lot of flimflam. The role of the President is to describe what's possible and what isn't.

Q. What changes would you bring about that Carter would not?

A. I'm more willing to question assumptions in a more relentless way. I'm sympathetic to the critique of technology, even though I recognize that technology is the engine of a modern economy. That's the lesson of Viet Nam and the Great Society. People in the '60s felt very good about systems analysis. They missed the ability of some people to inspire others.

Q. Is that what your success boils down to—inspirational ability?

A. That's part of it. You either do it, or you don't. I try to be myself, to be fairly straightforward. There are elements of surprise and openness that people feel are very genuine. I'm trying to prepare people for difficult days ahead, while at the same time trying to inspire some hope.

Q. You have endorsed the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill and national health insurance, but you talk of "lowering our expectations." Isn't there a conflict?

A. I want to get off that phrase [lowering expectations]. Overheated rhetoric ought to be deflated a bit. Humphrey-Hawkins is a symbol, a commitment. Commitments are important. Everybody wants specifics, and when you articulate them, you get clobbered.

Q. Some of your comments, your call for "a new spirit," for example, have a mystical ring.

A. What does that mean? I have to say something.

Q. How do you evaluate the impact of Maryland?

A. There is a momentum or thrust in these things. [Maryland] indicates that my campaign has potential. But I just take it one week at a time. I don't have any plan other than trying to make an impact on the Democratic Party throughout the country. The importance of timing is an axiom of politics. You can't control everything, but my course is on an ascending trajectory. Carter's has slowed.

Q. What do you have to do to push the trajectory higher?

A. The plan isn't on a computer print-out. I have to keep moving. The battle now is to keep the process open. But the Tuesday primaries demonstrated that people aren't entirely satisfied with the front runner. I think the chemistry of the campaign has changed.

Q. Do you rule out the vice-presidential nomination?

A. I haven't yet, but it isn't likely

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terior officers should have been held culpable too.

Now even some of Carter's severest critics concede that he is probably as specific on most issues as any of his Democratic opponents. But they insist, too, that he should be held to a higher standard because he is the clear front runner and because he has promised "never to lie" to the voters.

Part of Carter's problem lies in the unorthodox type of campaign he is conducting. Although he says he enjoys discussing issues, he also believes that the central issue this year is not jobs or detente but the feeling many Americans have that the country has lost its moral and spiritual underpinnings, its sense of purpose and direction. Carter's basic campaign speech deals almost exclusively with the "spiritual" issue. Until recently, wherever he went, he delivered the standard speech ("If we could just have a government as good as the American people are, that would be a great achievement"). Only after he was finished would he open the meeting to questions or more specific issues. Usually his answers were clear and precise.

Favorite Codeword. But he is not above tailoring his responses to his audiences, using language with extraordinary subtlety. At an appearance before a conservative businessman's club in Jacksonville last January, for example, he was asked for his opinion on what had gone wrong with U.S. foreign policy in recent years. Carter's usual answer is that excessive secrecy and an unwillingness to allow the American people to participate in policymaking are the root of the problem. This time, however, he said, "American foreign policy has been characterized since the end of World War II by a retreat into secrecy." The emphasis was on the word "retreat"—a favorite codeword among conservatives.

Before a conservative audience in Pensacola, Fla., Carter was asked to explain his policy toward South Korea. "I do not believe we should withdraw Americans from Korea," Carter said, "except on a phased basis." He had not actually misstated his position—he favors a U.S. withdrawal from South Korea over a period of about five years—but he had stated it in such a way that his audience could easily have gained a different impression. Indeed, at least one reporter came away thinking that Carter had said he wanted the U.S. military to remain in Korea.

"I never intentionally try to mislead my audiences," Carter says. "I know I don't prepare my answers in advance. But at the same time, I don't see anything inherently wrong in trying to say things in such a way that I don't irritate people, as long as I remain consistent with my basic position." It may be, as Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, has noted, that a liberal on race, coming from what was one of the most

segregated areas of the Deep South, learns intuitively to speak between the lines.

Another reason for the fuzziness charge is Carter's tendency to give long and complex answers to questions. His positions on abortion and school busing are thoughtful and clear. He is personally against both, but supports the Supreme Court's rulings on abortion and busing. His explanations are so lengthy, however, that some people suspect he is trying to hoodwink them—in part because his answers have appeal to partisans on both sides of issues. Somewhat confusingly, he opposes amnesty but would issue a full pardon to Viet Nam draft evaders during the first week of his presidency. Carter explains, "Amnesty implies what you did was right; a pardon says that whether what you did is right or wrong, we forgive you for it."

Similarly, on the problem of unemployment, Carter stresses that jobs should be created primarily through private enterprise, which pleases people who support free enterprise; at the same time, he says that in at least some instances the Government should be the employer of last resort, which placates liberals. His supporters argue that the country would benefit from a President who can "bring together" conflicting constituencies by giving something to each of them.

On other issues Carter is maddeningly vague. He promised repeatedly to reduce the number of Government agencies from 1,900 to "no more than 200," yet he refuses to say how he would accomplish the feat, except to stress the need for consolidation. Similarly, Carter strongly advocates both tax reform and welfare reform, but has provided few specifics. He insists that such massive reform efforts would require considerable study after he entered the White House. But many suspect that he already has more details than he is willing to admit and is simply trying to avoid being tripped up on specifics as George McGovern was in 1972 and Ronald Reagan was earlier this year.

New Version. There are those in the Carter campaign who think the fuzziness charge is beginning to hurt their candidate, and they want him to shift to a more issue-oriented campaign. Last week he did just that, though he denies that it was done to satisfy his critics. Campaigning before large crowds in Oregon the day after the Michigan and Maryland primaries, Carter unveiled a new version of his basic speech, stressing government reorganization, tax reform, welfare reform, nuclear arms reduction and the need for long-range federal planning, but offering few specifics. The reason that he is still the front runner today, he said, is because "the voters agree that my positions on the issues are theirs also."



CARTER AT CAMPAIGN RALLY IN DETROIT
Trying not to irritate.

On to the Super Bowl

For the old Michigan center and the Hollywood halfback, as well as for all those candidates who have never tackled anyone tougher than an elusive voter, June 8 will be Super Bowl day. At stake in California, New Jersey and Ohio on the final day of the long season of primaries is a total of 540 Democratic and 331 Republican delegates—and that may just be the ball game. Those potentially climactic contests are examined here by TIME West Coast Bureau Chief Jess Cook, New York Bureau Chief Laurence I. Barrett and Midwest Bureau Chief Benjamin W. Cate.

CALIFORNIA DELEGATES

DEMOCRATS
280
REPUBLICANS
167

California

Democrats. Until this week, when the campaign came to neighboring Oregon and Nevada, the primaries seemed far away and out of mind for most Californians. Suddenly, television screens are endlessly spewing political spots. They bounce off voters less interested in issues than itching for vigorous leadership. Governor Jerry Brown's popularity is enormous, his record respected, his organization overflowing with volunteers and endorsements. Triumph in Maryland immunized him against favorite stonkrock, certified his national *bona fides* and effectively ended the risk of being flattened by a Carter steamroller on his own turf. Says Brown: "This is an opportunity for Californians to renegotiate my contract."

His problem is one of margin. A large majority of the vote would be required to capture the bulk of the 280 delegates under the state party's proportional and balkanized selection rules. Lingering feelings that the freshman Governor needs more experience and that he has neglected the Sacramento store could prove to be minor difficulties. Frank Church, and even Scoop Jackson, may siphon off a few delegates.

The main opposition comes from

Jimmy Carter, who is carefully organized and hopes to outspend Brown \$500,000 to \$200,000. Even if Brown beats him 2 to 1 in the popular vote, Carter could carry as many as 90 delegates and put his total beyond competitive reach. But Carter has dire disabilities. He is not well known; his appeal to blacks, so vital elsewhere, is muffled by Brown's near monopoly of the black political establishment.

Republicans. In the winner-take-all race for 167 delegates, Reagan has many advantages: he is on familiar ground, parading leadership qualities that have produced five wins without a defeat in California primary and general elections. In a state where campaigns are largely electronic, he is by far the superior TV performer. He has the endorsement of the largest G.O.P. volunteer organization, the fealty of most of the Federated Republican Women, who supply precinct shoe leather. Beginning this Wednesday, he can devote complete attention to California, stumping by day and still sleeping in his Pacific Palisades bed at night. Ford's own lieutenants admit that his support is lukewarm and concentrated among moderates with erratic voting habits. Reagan's hard-conservative core will vote, come sun or smog.

For all that, Ford could eke out a narrow victory. Chief asset: indications, persuasive even to some Reagan admirers, that the horse in the stable is the best horse against the Democrats. Chief hope: a large turnout. Chief weakness: widespread perception that he supplies wobbly, uninspiring leadership. "I hope he spends a lot of time here," snipes Reagan California Campaign Manager Lyn Nofziger. "The more he's exposed, the better it is for us." But Ford supporters, who include most of the G.O.P. notables, want him back for at least another three days following last weekend's 2½-day swing.

New Jersey

Democrats. In this state of gray industrial cities and green bedroom suburbs, Jimmy Carter so far has built a comfortable lead. Though he has been an absentee contender, his surrogates include Governor Brendan T. Byrne, some of the liberal reformers who were McCarthies in '68 and McGovernites in '72, and independent centrist Democrats. Their main bond is the mutual conviction that Carter can carry the state in June and defeat the Republican nominee next November. They have put together a strong organization and aim to bring out a larger-than-usual primary-day vote.

Carter's people are wise to run hard. Though he seems unbeatable in the popularity contest—Morris Udall is not even entered in that phase of the pri-

mary, and the Scoop Jackson and George Wallace campaigns are moribund—there will be a lively scrap in the separate competition for 108 delegates. Udall plans to divide most of his remaining time and money between New Jersey and Ohio. He will probably win some delegates in affluent suburbia

NEW JERSEY DELEGATES

DEMOCRATS
108
REPUBLICANS
67

Carter's stiffest competition for delegates will come from a nominally uncommitted slate led by two highly popular politicians, Senator Harrison Williams and Jersey City Mayor Paul Jordan. Like most of their running mates, they are Humphrey fans. The former Vice President retains a large following in the state, particularly among blue-collar workers and blacks. The Williams-Jordan slate is getting strong organizational help from the party's state chairman, James Dugan, who is feuding with Governor Byrne.

Republicans. The New Jersey G.O.P. had its exercise in fratricide three years ago in a gubernatorial primary battle, and recently has been on a unity kick. Seeking to avoid a serious fight over delegates, party leaders put together an uncommitted slate headed by Senator Clifford Case. Though the slate contains a few supporters of Ronald Reagan, a large majority favors Gerald Ford. The President has the separate popularity contest to himself because Reagan declined to enter. The Case group faces competition, however, from a partial slate running under the logo "former Governor of California."

Ohio

Democrats. Carter continues to have a comfortable lead over Ma Udall and three other major candidates on the ballot (Church, Jackson and Wallace). But, of course, almost anything can happen this year. Says Democratic State Party Chairman Paul Tipton: "It's been confusing, and it will continue to be confusing. We're in a brand-new ball game

where historical precedents don't apply any more."

One confusing factor is that Carter is again being haunted by the specter of Humphrey. The Minnesota Senator showed up at a fund-raising dinner last week for, not surprisingly, Congressman Wayne L. Hays, who strongly backs him. A giant banner proclaimed: HUH HUMPHREY OUR NEXT PRESIDENT. Hays, a conservative, announced that he will spend \$25,000 in funds raised in a last-minute drive. He will campaign for Humphrey in six districts where the Congressman heads favorite-son slates of delegates. If elected, they would support Humphrey at the convention.

Hays' drive could also cut into Carter's moderate and conservative support, which would benefit Udall. To further cloud the primary, there are four other favorite-son slates running in selected congressional districts and a statewide uncommitted slate headed by Favorite Daughter Gertrude Donahay, the state treasurer. The popular Donahay is a stand-in for Senator John Glenn, who backed away from running as a favorite son when he was named the keynote speaker at the Democratic National Convention.

Republicans Says Reagan's Ohio campaign director, Peter E. Voss. "It's guerrilla warfare down here. I can't build bridges or highways. We're fighting the king." The king, of course, is Ford, who already has 24 of the state's 97 G.O.P. delegates, since there are no Reagan delegate slates in one-third of Ohio's congressional districts. Ford also enjoys the backing of Governor James A. Rhodes and other G.O.P. bigwigs. They have an elaborate campaign operation and ten telephone banks across the state.

Even so, Voss feels that Reagan has a chance in Ohio if he campaigns there. So far Reagan has not decided whether it is worth the money and effort. Taking no chances, Ford's Midwest campaign director, Jon Holt, says: "We're going to run just as hard and scared here as we did in Michigan."

**OHIO
DELEGATES**

**DEMOCRATS
152
REPUBLICANS
97**



EDWARD KENNEDY SPEAKING LAST WEEK BEFORE THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM COMMITTEE

DEMOCRATS

'I Know I Cannot Run Now'

Speculation popped up last week that Senator Edward Kennedy might make himself available for a draft at the Democratic Convention. TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian spent several days with Kennedy to determine how he views his future. Writes Ajemian:

His large Virginia home was dark at 9:30 p.m., and Ted Kennedy, in a denim shirt and slacks, sat alone in the high-ceilinged library. He looked ruddy, handsome and, with his thick legs and arms, somewhat burly. The house was totally silent. In front of him on the glass table was his attaché case, opened up and spilling over with business. Earlier in the day, as he left the office, one of his closest aides had wondered aloud if the Senator ever got lonely; it seemed an odd question about a man so constantly surrounded by people, so constantly in motion. But to see Kennedy sitting all by himself in the dimly lit study made the question seem more understandable. The big house was full of memories, unanswered questions.

Kennedy was in a pensive mood, and when the conversation turned to politics, he became extremely guarded. He has carefully avoided any involvement in the presidential race, and seems to take satisfaction that people have come to believe him about staying out. As if to emphasize this, Kennedy sent word to Jimmy Carter a couple of weeks ago that it would be wiser if they did not meet when Carter came to Washington to call on Democratic leaders.

It was perhaps inevitable, however, that speculation would revive about Kennedy, a man whose great gifts and flaws fascinate everyone. Last week, as the Carter handwagon slowed, the New York Daily News claimed that

Kennedy would accept a genuine draft at the convention but would not lift a finger to help it. The story had a plausible ring. Kennedy swiftly and firmly denied it.

"Look," he said, measuring his words carefully, "I know I cannot run for President now, and I've accepted that. It took a certain discipline, an adjustment, but I've settled this with myself. It's just not possible with my family situation. I'm not going to tear myself up about this. It would be destructive. My career is new in the Senate."

Tremendous Problem. He did not always feel that way. Even when he announced his withdrawal in the fall of 1974, Kennedy believed he could win the presidency if he went after it—despite Chappaquiddick. He thought that he would start off any campaign with a large built-in vote, even as high as 45%. "The last 6% or so would come hard," he used to say. But he told close friends he could not put his family through a campaign that was sure to become poisonous. Most people translated that to mean he feared the political pressures would be too much for his wife Joan's emotional health.

He knew that Chappaquiddick had left him with a tremendous problem of credibility with the American public. It was even possible he found some relief in staying out. That way he wouldn't have to test the true feelings of the voters.

As Carter moved steadily out front in the primaries, Kennedy's conviction that he would have to remain in the Senate became almost total. The deflating implications of a Carter presidency, with the Georgian's political allies in control of some of the most important offices for four or even eight years, were not

THE NATION

lost on Kennedy. "I'm sure some people feel the parade is passing me by," he said. "But what else can I do but accept it? I'm a realist." Then he added wryly, "Also, there's a certain attraction that goes with staying out, a kind of escape. Having this name brings burdens as well as opportunities."

Kennedy remains restrained and uncertain about Jimmy Carter. "People keep asking me what I think of Carter," he said with a shrug. "I still don't have any real feel for the dimensions of the man, no sense of the human being. People ask if I agree with his positions on the issues. I have to say 'what positions?' When he sends a statement to the Platform Committee say-

the presentation, he took her upstairs to the suite of President George Meany. Kennedy looked loose and easy—quite the opposite of the solicitous candidate—as he joked with the labor boss. He broke into a broad grin when his mother turned to Meany and bluntly asked "Mr. Meany, do you think Carter has this thing all wrapped up?" Meany, 81, gazed fondly at his 85-year-old guest and said: "Well, this fellow Carter came to see me last week and he told me he would have 1,200 delegates. It's hard to take the nomination away from a man who has that many."

Unlike his two brothers, Kennedy has become a powerful force in the Senate. A pragmatic liberal, he has learned

Caucus Room, the 153-member Democratic Platform Committee rose to welcome him. Kennedy, sensing their readiness to hear him, gave the moment his best effort. Perched on the edge of his chair and leaning into the audience, his voice booming out, his hand slicing back and forth, he gave his views on domestic and world issues. He finished to a prolonged ovation. Intoxicated for the moment by the look and the sound of him, many members seemed almost eager to embrace the dangers of his candidacy.

Back in his office, Kennedy looked pleased with himself. It had been an exhilarating encounter for him. Then he was asked directly: Would he like to be President? He thought for a moment, then replied: "I can't sit around stewing about that." He paused. "Of course I'd like to be President. But it's not going to happen in this period of my life. I've accepted that." But one sensed that his blood was up and the juices, lately stilled, were moving.

DIPLOMACY

From France with Much Love

From the moment he alighted in the U.S. last week, France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing put his—and his country's—best foot forward.

To emphasize the high quality of French technology, he arrived for his six-day Bicentennial visit aboard a sleekly beautiful Concorde SST that had flown from Paris in a mere three hours and 37 minutes (only two days afterward, the Federal Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia ruled that the supersonic jet could begin commercial service to Dulles International Airport this week on a 16-month trial basis). His lissomely beautiful wife Anne-Aymone was a movable feast of French high fashion, showing off no fewer than 14 Dior, Chanel, Courrèges and the like during their brief stay.

Heavy Accent. As for Giscard himself, he responded to President Ford's welcoming remarks with a friendly gesture that would have dismayed one of his predecessors, Charles de Gaulle, who maintained a haughtily arrogant mien throughout his eight-day visit to the U.S. in 1960. Turning to Ford, Giscard said, "Now, Mr. President, permit me to be my own interpreter," and he proceeded to give his nation's greetings entirely in English. When he spoke of both countries' "identical passion for independence and liberty," it was with a heavy accent. But President Giscard had gone to the trouble of taking English lessons for two years—sometimes by listening to the BBC.

At a White House dinner in his honor that night, Giscard sounded the re-



JOAN KENNEDY REHEARSING NARRATION FOR CONCERT WITH NATIONAL SYMPHONY

ing he is not going to take up the substance of the issues, how is one going to know? That's obviously his strategy." Staffers say Kennedy was critical of Carter for the way he handled the controversy over Mo Udall's religion. Udall was blasted by a Carter backer, Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, because the Mormon Church bans blacks from the ministry even though Udall had left active membership at 17. Kennedy thought it unfair of Carter not to go to Udall's defense.

Big Ripple. Growing signs of resistance to Carter's candidacy in the past few weeks have raised new hopes for Kennedy voters. Hubert Humphrey, they say, is no longer the automatic beneficiary of a deadlocked convention. Carter and Henry Jackson are bitter at Humphrey for what they consider his continued attempts to insinuate himself into the race. Kennedy backers once again wishfully see him as the brokered candidate, or at least a figure of commanding influence.

Kennedy still causes a big ripple wherever he goes. On the day of the Michigan and Maryland primaries, he attended an AFL-CIO luncheon in Washington honoring his mother. Just before

in 14 years to deal shrewdly with his adversaries to get things done. His targets have been controversial subjects and, in some cases, his positions are surprisingly conservative. He introduced a crime bill that called for mandatory two-year sentences without parole for violent crimes, and four years for repeat offenders. Kennedy thinks rehabilitation approaches have failed, and he has taken the blunt position that punishment is society's best deterrent.

He ranges across the legislative scene, from calling for reform of lobbying to spearheading the successful drive for public financing of elections. He has become a gutsy fighter. He challenged Russell Long, the influential head of the Senate Finance Committee, to cut down personal and corporate tax shelters and loopholes for the wealthy. He jumped on the Civil Aeronautics Board to lower air fares and lift restrictions against new carriers. His concentration on national health insurance has resulted in endless hearings on hospitals and drugs and preventive medicine, establishing him as the dominant force on the subject on Capitol Hill.

Last week in the cavernous Senate



MME. GISCARD & BETTY FORD

frain of unalloyed pro-Americanism by saying: "France is a dependable friend." The next day, in a 34-minute speech before a joint session of Congress (also delivered in English), he promised that France "will continue to contribute to the effectiveness of the Atlantic Alliance of which she is a part." Later, in a tent lined with the same red cloth as a Versailles salon, he entertained the Fords at a dinner on the grounds of the French embassy.

All told, Giscard met for some three hours with President Gerald Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. TIME Correspondent Gregory Wierzynski, who accompanied the French President from Paris and throughout his American visit, reports that the tone of the meetings was exceptionally friendly. The once frayed relations between the two countries have in fact improved remarkably since the friendly encounter between Ford and Giscard in Martinique at the end of 1974. The U.S. has relaxed its pressure on France to rejoin NATO, while France has quietly resumed its participation in NATO planning. The U.S. no longer criticizes Paris for its independent ways and instead tries to capitalize on France's potentially useful role as middleman to Communist and Third World countries.

For their part, the French have dropped their insistence that the U.S. return to the gold standard. The only hitch in the informal talks was the U.S. objection to France's sale of a nuclear processing plant to Pakistan. Washington fears that Pakistan will soon become a nuclear power. Giscard firmly pointed out that France had already canceled the sale of a uranium reprocessing plant to South Korea. He also assured Ford that in the Pakistan



FRENCH PRESIDENT & WIFE WITH MOUNTED SHERIFF'S POSSE AT TEXAS RANCH

sale, he had taken "all the precautions" called for by the 1968 nonproliferation treaty (which the French have never signed).

Giscard's entire trip was a calculated exercise in Gallic persuasion to improve the French image in the U.S. A poll conducted in February by Louis Harris for the French government had shown him that there was a great deal of room for improvement. Only 25% of the average Americans who were questioned considered France a leader among middle-sized powers; only 34% thought that France had played an important role in the Revolutionary War¹; most unkind, only 35% regarded France as a U.S. ally.

Beef and Beans. Among the French, America's image was hardly better. A poll published last week in the newsmagazine *Le Point* showed that only 33% of the French people believed that the U.S. had the capacity to "deal reasonably with current world problems"; only 29% felt America provided a good example of democracy.

Avoiding possible trouble spots like New York, where pro-Israeli demonstrations were feared, Giscard journeyed to Houston, where he ate roast beef and red beans in a candy-striped tent with 350 Texas oil and cattle millionaires, then he moved on to New Orleans, Philadelphia and Yorktown, delivering 17 speeches and toasts along the way. It was a nearly flawless performance, marred only by his country's gift to the U.S. a sound and light show at Mount Vernon that embarrassed viewers found syrupy, unfocused and superficial in its history.

¹Ironically, one of Giscard's own ancestors, Vice Admiral Jean Baptiste Charles Henri Hecquet d'Estaing, in 1778 led the first French fleet toward America's fight for independence.



GISCARD & FORD AT MOUNT VERNON

INTELLIGENCE

A Watchdog at Last

For a while it looked as if all the investigations, all the headlines, all the public agonizing over U.S. intelligence abuses would come to nothing. The vexing question was whether the 15-month inquiry conducted by Frank Church's Senate Select Committee would lead to the creation of a truly effective congressional committee with oversight powers on the intelligence agencies. But for the efforts of a few Senators who dug in their heels—Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Government Operations Committee Chairman Abraham Ribicoff and California's Alan Cranston among them—the answer might well have been an emphatic no. Yet last week, acting out of a palpable frustration caused by the long trail of illegalities starting with Watergate, the Senate finally redeemed itself. By 72 to 22, it voted to establish a permanent committee to oversee the budgets and operations of all U.S. intelligence bureaus. The 15-member committee is expected to be in business by early June.

When the proposal to set up this powerful watchdog unit emerged in March from Ribicoff's committee, it was a bright red flag to some of the Senate's old bulls—especially those whose committees had long held jurisdiction but seldom exercised it over the intelligence community. A few, like Barry Goldwater, charged that the new committee would lead to more harmful intelligence disclosures. Snapped Goldwater, "I don't care if you have a committee of one. It's almost impossible to stop leaks." John Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, attacked the committee's right to oversee military intelligence; that was the preserve of his panel. The Senate Judiciary Committee fought equally hard against relinquishing its control over the FBI. Finally the

conservative Rules Committee, in a series of 5-to-4 votes, stripped the new watchdog group of whatever authority remained.

Then Mansfield stepped in and, in one of his last major accomplishments before retiring at the end of this session, persuaded the chief antagonists to compromise. He suggested clipping some authority from the proposed new committee: it would share FBI oversight with the Judiciary Committee and defense intelligence oversight with the Armed Services Committee. But the new committee would be the exclusive overseer for the Central Intelligence Agency, and it alone would be empowered to authorize funds for the CIA. It would also be advised in advance of the plans for all U.S. intelligence agencies. No penalties for leaks, however, were outlined in the approved legislation.

Fumble or Fortify? Mansfield's settlement quickly generated Senate support. The new committee will be composed of eight Democrats and seven Republicans. Members would be limited to eight-year terms to prevent the growth of cozy relationships between the watchers and the watched. Among those legislators picked at week's end were Democratic liberals Birch Bayh, Adlai Stevenson, Gary Hart and Joseph Biden, and Republicans Clifford Case, Howard Baker, Mark Hatfield, Strom Thurmond and Goldwater. Though Church might be a natural candidate for chairmanship of the new committee, he ruled himself out. The expected choice is Democrat Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, a tough skeptic, who served on Sam Ervin's Watergate Committee. After Inouye, another possibility for the chairmanship is Democrat Walter Huddleston of Kentucky.

The Senate's resolution generally ensured a forceful watchdog committee. Still, the central question remains: would this intelligence panel fumble the oversight responsibility or fortify it?

THE ADMINISTRATION

Busing Battle Revives

Four days before Michigan's presidential primary, eleven days before Kentucky's, word seeped out that the Justice Department might intervene on behalf of antibusing forces in an appeal against a court-imposed plan for Boston's schools. Since both Michigan and Kentucky have been wracked by violent busing disputes, the disclosure had every earmark of a political ploy to benefit Candidate Gerald Ford.

Not so, insisted Ford. An antibusing move had been under consideration since last November, and the final decision had been left entirely to Attorney General Edward Levi. "I did not know anything about this," Ford told an aroused Senator Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, the Senate's only black. Brooke accepted the President's word, but he marveled that a policy decision of such import could be made without specific presidential knowledge.

As the din over busing revived, Ford astonishingly told Kentucky newsmen that the Justice Department had not decided where to intervene, that it might even be in Louisville, where an appeal is pending. When a Levi aide denied that Louisville had ever been under active consideration, the President's remark seemed to suggest that he was using the issue to gain political advantage in a crucial primary. Moreover, the Justice Department, trying to live down its Watergate-acquired reputation as a political extension of the White House, once again gave the impression of dancing to a presidential tune.

Last Resort. That probably is an undeserved rap. What happened is that last fall Ford urged Levi and H.W. Secretary David Mathews to explore alternatives. Under one idea that evolved, the Administration would press for legislation to: 1) mandate courts to order busing only as a last resort (they are now urged but not compelled to resort to busing only after alternatives have been tried); 2) provide federal funds to improve schools and encourage voluntary integration; and 3) set up a national council to mediate local disputes before they reach court judgment. Meanwhile, Solicitor General Robert Bork prepared an *amicus curiae* (friend of the court) brief that at least partly upheld busing opponents in Boston.

When word of Bork's brief leaked, Levi insisted that he still had not made up his mind and that he still regards busing as "an appropriate tool" for school integration. Back in Boston, where passions have just begun to cool following a wave of racially motivated violence, Brooke wondered why the Government would involve itself at this time "and confuse the matter." Since the Supreme Court will decide the issue, with or without Justice Department intervention, it seemed an appropriate question.



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ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD CHEERING COMMUNIST PARTY BOSS BERLINGUER'S KICKOFF CAMPAIGN SPEECH IN THE SUBURBS OF ROME

ITALY

The Communists Seize the Initiative

As campaigning for Italy's special national election on June 20 began last week, the Communists—perhaps prophetically—seemed to be first off the mark. From Rome top party officials fanned out to speak at urban rallies across the country, disciplined young Communist workers—like sports fans lined up early for scarce tickets to a soccer match—laid siege to courthouses to file for the top spot on Italy's complicated ballots, granted on a first-come first-served basis. Almost invariably, the Communists beat out representatives of the eleven other parties.

The central act in the Communist kickoff took place in the glassy modernistic Palazzo dei Congressi outside Rome. There, amid red bunting, Communist flags and green-white-and-red Italian tricolors, slender Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer, 53, formally opened the campaign at a massive rally. He called for "an end to the disastrous predominance of the Christian Democrats" and urged voters to "give Italy a government that's different." Significantly, the overflow audience that roared approval of Berlinguer's words was mostly young and middle class.

No Neofascists. Thus began the premature election campaign—the most important in Italy since World War II. The central question: whether the Christian Democrats will remain Italy's dominant party or whether the Communists will at last come to share power nationally. The prospect worries many in the West, particularly in the U.S. Attending the NATO meeting in Oslo last week, Sec-

retary of State Henry Kissinger once more pointed up the dangers in talks with other delegates.

Since the fall of the most recent Christian Democratic government—an event that forced the early election—the Communists have had to accelerate their political timetable. In the long run, they still seek a "historic compromise" in which they would share power with the Christian Democrats and the Socialists. In the short run, though, they have become less gradualist. Last week, citing "impelling needs of the present," Berlinguer called for an emergency government of "national solidarity" which would involve all parties except the extreme right neofascists.

Some new and—for Italy—daring campaign maneuvers are being introduced in this election. To offset the same kind of voter distrust that has generated anti-Washington feelings in the U.S. presidential primaries, Italian parties for the first time signed up a host of non-political "personality" candidates. The Christian Democrats nominated Nuclear Physicist Luigi Broglio, respected Banker Gaetano Stamatii and Auto Executive Umberto Agnelli, 41, is the younger brother and second in command to Fiat's Gianni Agnelli, Italy's leading industrialist (Gianni had considered running as a centrist Republican Party candidate but bowed out instead after Umberto filed.)

The Communists did even better: they shrewdly lined up candidates who might help offset anti-Communist criticism from NATO, the Common Market

and the Vatican. One of their Senate candidates is Nino Pasti, 67, a retired four-star general who formerly served as NATO's Southern Europe Air Force Commander. "They are fully reliable," insisted Pasti of the Communists. "It's a democratic party. I am convinced of that." Common Market Commissioner Altiero Spinelli, 68, meanwhile, became a surprise Communist choice for the Chamber of Deputies. Spinelli, a former Communist and political prisoner under Mussolini, became his nation's most celebrated European federalist after the war. "Italy is taking a gamble with the Communists," Spinelli admitted last week from his Common Market office in Brussels. "But things have deteriorated so much that we have to take a risk."

Worried Pope. In the biggest surprise of all, the party also lined up six dissident Catholic intellectuals, including Raniero la Valle, former editor of the Christian Democratic newspaper *Il Popolo*, and Paolo Brezzi, a noted scholar of Christian history. The coup obviously startled Pope Paul, who referred elliptically to the election as "the forthcoming sociopolitical event," and angrily complained at a weekly audience: "Sometimes our dearest friends, our most trusted colleagues, those who share our table, are the very ones who turn against us." With the Pope's concurrence, Bologna's Antonio Cardinal Poma noted in his keynote address last week to a conference of 250 Italian bishops that Catholics who actively campaign for the Communists are cutting themselves off from the faith—a

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veiled threat of excommunication.

The Communists are convinced now that the election they did not really want has become the election in which there must be a Communist advance. The vote will determine their position in any possible coalition, but as Berlinguer himself recently told TIMI, "experience teaches us that it is very hard to really change anything unless you have a say in the executive. Contrary to what is commonly thought abroad, the Parliament here works fairly well. What does not work is the Executive Branch, which is of course the major operational instrument of any state. So that is the level at which

the real changes will have to be made."

Berlinguer said that the party had not yet examined the question of specific Cabinet seats. "But by and large," he added, "the ministries we consider the most important are the economic portfolios (treasury, finance, budget) because they are the ones that have done the worst under the Christian Democrats."

Voter Dialogues. The secretary firmly defended his party against charges that they have not really changed. Said he: "People sense a renewal has taken place. There is also something that is not recognized sufficiently abroad: broad masses of citizens have been in-

volved, reflected in millions of votes. Therefore, even if the leadership were not sincere, it would be difficult to move backward. Although it is not true, supposing the leadership had intentions that were non-democratic. The first to rebel would come from our own ranks."

For the next month, Berlinguer and other Communist leaders intend to promulgate that message across the country, frequently in dramatic give-and-take dialogues with voters—another new campaign tactic (see box). For years to come, Italian politics will be profoundly shaped by the number of voters who believe them.

Campaigning with the Party Boss

Two days after he kicked off the Communists' campaign in Rome, Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer headed out to the provinces. Instead of a prepared speech, the rally format called for Berlinguer to answer questions from the audience—a novelty in Italian politics. Explained one of Berlinguer's aides: "We want to get out from under the whole style of emotional propaganda and ready-made phrases and instead, reason with the people." TIMI's Rome bureau chief Jordan Bonfante followed Berlinguer on his first day on the hustings. His report:

The day began like any other for Berlinguer when he arrived at his small, book-filled office at Communist Party headquarters in Rome at 7.45 a.m.

There he went over the press digest already prepared by his staff, and spent the better part of the forenoon on paperwork at his desk and meeting with other party officials. Then, accompanied by a few of his top aides, the party chief headed east of Rome in his chauffeur-driven, nut-colored Fiat-132 sedan. His destination: the mountain town of Avezzano in the Abruzzi region, a strong Christian Democrat preserve and one of the three constituencies, along with Rome and Venice, where Berlinguer is the top Communist candidate for the Chamber of Deputies.

After a late lunch, talks with local party officials and a brief rest, Berlinguer went over to the late-afternoon rally in the Piazza Risorgimento in the center of town. A mostly partisan crowd of about 7,000 had already assembled in neat rows of wooden chairs, and burly young workers—like those who protect all Communist demonstrations against possible trouble—patrolled the grounds. As Berlinguer mounted the raised blue rostrum in front of the large neo-Romanesque cathedral, the crowd greeted him with a standing ovation.

Sipping from a Scotch-and-water on the table before him, the party chief fielded questions from the audience for three solid hours. It was a virtuoso political performance if only for its stamina. "Cultural expression must be guaranteed absolutely," he told a high school teacher who asked him how the party felt about intellectual freedom. Answering questions from an actress, a magistrate, several soldiers, and representatives of minor political parties, Berlinguer ran the gamut of the Communists' positions. Repeatedly, he stressed their new proposal for a government of "broad democratic unity."

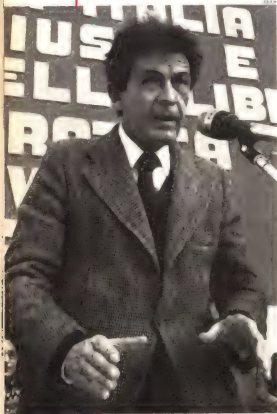
He reaffirmed the party's support of the Common Market, acceptance of NATO, and full respect for pluralism and

basic freedoms. He also reasserted the Italian party's independence from Moscow, noting that "our internationalism," as he called the party's ongoing solidarity with the international Communist movement, "has never prevented us from practicing full independence, and it has never prevented us from criticizing events and attitudes in the socialist countries"—a pointed reminder of the Italian party's disapproval of many Soviet positions.

Finally it was the turn of Costantino Rossi, local secretary of the centrist, anti-Communist Social Democratic Party, to question Berlinguer. "We still recall the image of children, women and workers crushed in the streets of Dubček's Prague," said Rossi in a voice edged with emotion, referring to the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. "What guarantees do we have that it could not happen here?" The question struck a raw nerve in the crowd, which came to its feet in a chorus of unruly hoots and whistles and shouts of "Get out of here!" Some angry loyalists lunged toward Rossi, who scampered away among some parked cars. There, arms crossed, he waited for Berlinguer's reply.

"Our party cannot be reproached for any single act contrary to the rules and principles and ideals of democracy," said Berlinguer. "No party gave more blood in the resistance. And afterward, too, we participated in the development of the constitution. What does Prague have to do with anything? That was another situation, another Communist Party, with other aspirations." Then, referring to the Italian party's condemnation of the Russian intervention, he added "And, in fact, we took our stand on the events of Prague."

By the time Berlinguer had finished, the rally had quieted down and there were no further incidents. But the heated exchange with Rossi and the close brush with a real disturbance had shown how taut Italian political nerves are these days—and how far the Communists' appeal for unity among the parties has to go before it becomes a reality.



BERLINGUER AT AVEZZANO RALLY



WOMAN FIGHTER AT ANTI-SYRIA RALLY

MIDDLE EAST

Syria's Assad: Under Pressure

The mystery of the Middle East last week involved a country whose politics are murky even at the best of times: Is Syria's President Hafez Assad in serious trouble because of Lebanon? Israeli intelligence officials, no friends of Assad obviously, predicted that Syria "is on the eve of a coup." Syrian tank units, the Israelis said, had been pulled back to Damascus to protect the President. Palestinians in Beirut, who are also hostile to Assad's regime, insisted that Syrian army officers had been jailed for protesting their government's orders.

Washington's view was less extreme. "Syria is always on the eve of a coup," joked a Middle East expert—but the State Department does believe that Assad is under considerable pressure. TIME's Beirut bureau chief Karsten Praeger, after a visit to Syria last week, confirmed that anti-Assad demonstrations had taken place in Palestinian refugee camps there and as many as 400 Syrian army officers had been detained for questioning or put under house arrest because they opposed the government line on Lebanon. But Praeger found no imminent signs of a coup or precautions against one, although one Arab diplomat told him, "It is worse than ever. Assad is up to his neck."

Assad's plight was aggravated last week when a meeting of the Prime Ministers of four nations—Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait—that had been scheduled in the Saudi Arabian

capital of Riyadh was suddenly postponed. The meeting had been set up by the Saudis and Kuwait to heal the long-simmering feud between Syria and Egypt. But the Egyptians flatly refused to discuss the principal reason for the feud—last year's Egyptian-Israeli disengagement agreement in Sinai, which Syria still resents. The Syrians, meanwhile, would not listen to Egyptian proposals for a debate on the Lebanese situation. Cairo insists that the crisis should be "Arabized," meaning mediated by the Arab nations. Syria prefers to make peace alone in Lebanon.

Pax Backfire. The 13-month Lebanese civil war, in fact, is at the root of Assad's troubles. Worried over the impact on Syria's national security of continuing fighting between Moslems and Christians, Assad earlier this year sought to end the bloodshed with a Pax Syriana imposed by Damascus. But he did it in a way that has since backfired: Syria's government, which is predominantly Moslem, withdrew its support from Lebanese Moslems and the Palestinians fighting alongside them and gave it instead to Maronite Christian President Suleiman Franjeh. The move was meant to allow the controversial Franjeh to leave office early and gracefully. Damascus next engineered the election of another Maronite, Elias Sarkis (TIME, May 17), to succeed Franjeh, but the wily Franjeh thus far has refused to step down, to the chagrin and embarrassment of both Sarkis and Assad.

Under the guns of Syrian-backed forces sent into Lebanon to enforce the Pax Syriana, Christian Phalangists last week attempted to follow the political advantage they gained from the presidential election with a military one. In some of the fiercest fighting of the civil war, left-wing Lebanese and their Palestinian allies beat back the fresh assaults from the right. At least 500 more people were killed or wounded by indiscriminate shelling on one "Black Sunday," and the death toll since the war

began rose to more than 19,000. Among the victims were Ldouard Saab, 47, the editor of Beirut's French-language paper, *L'Orient-Le Jour*. Members of the Palestine Liberation Army who had been sent into Lebanon by Assad were also slain in the fighting. The P.L.A. plight was complicated in one battle by dual orders—from Damascus to fight Iraqi-backed leftists, and from Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat to withdraw.

The deaths sparked the ominous new demonstrations in Syria. The funeral of one dead Syrian officer—a hero of the 1973 war who had led a successful assault on Israeli fortifications on Mount Hermon—turned into an anti-government protest, according to an Israeli report. Riots occurred in at least one Palestinian camp outside Damascus, where protesters carried placards attacking Assad by name. Said one placard: ASSAD FIGHTS LIKE A LION IN LEBANON, BUT A CHICKEN ON THE GOLF.

That was a reference to the fact that next week Assad must decide whether to renew the six-month mandate for United Nations observer forces on the Golan Heights. Israel agreed to renew it last week. Assad is expected to extend the mandate, since Syria at this juncture can hardly risk the tension that would follow expiration, much less another war with Israel.

Fighting a Cancer

The 650,000 Palestinians on the West Bank of the Jordan River are still angry. Restive under nine years of Israeli occupation and irritated by the presence of right-wing, nationalist Israeli settlers in illegal kibbutzim (TIME, May 17), the Arabs again rioted in West Bank cities, as well as in the old quarter of Jerusalem. Three Arabs were killed in clashes with Israeli troops—one of them a 16-year-old girl, whose funeral was attended by several West Bank mayors and other local dignitaries. In the aftermath, Premier Yitzhak Rabin's

ARAB MOURNERS HOLD ALOFT THE BODY OF A SLAIN WEST BANK DEMONSTRATOR



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government debated new tactics for dealing with the cancerous resistance that is an irksome security risk and, increasingly, *bemirshim* Israel's image.

Arab students triggered the latest incidents, stoning Israeli troops and blocking traffic with flaming tires. Army officials insisted that their soldiers had merely fired warning shots. Arab leaders charged that the deaths—which raised the total in West Bank uprisings since February to ten—had been caused deliberately. Curfews were clapped on five Arab cities—including Hebron and Nablus—and at least one refugee camp. Arab politicians, including ones who gained office in last month's anti-Israel municipal-election returns, charged the pacifying forces with storm-trooper tactics. Said Elias Freij, mayor of Bethlehem: "People are fed up with the Israeli occupation and they want an immediate end to it."

Genuine Unrest. Belatedly, Israel is recognizing the depth of that feeling. Former Defense Minister Moshe Dayan admitted in an interview with the newspaper *Ha'aretz* that only genuine unrest, rather than terrorist agitation, could account for the demonstrations. He suggested that Israeli soldiers stay out of West Bank cities to avoid provoking conflict. "West Bank residents should be allowed to live their lives," he said. "If they want, then let them demonstrate and wave Palestinian flags." But Dayan added a chilling corollary: Arab mayors should be warned that if their towns exploded again, they would be placed under a blanket interdiction. It would be designed to deal a crippling blow to Arab livelihoods by preventing delivery of food supplies to market in a designated town, for example, or barring sheep from leaving for pasture.

TIME has learned that just such a plan is under consideration by the Israeli government. It would single out rebellious towns and villages for the embargoing of such things as electricity, food or medicine. In addition, the Israeli reserve troops on the West Bank have been replaced by crack border police, paratroops and other elite units.

SOVIET UNION

Scaling Down on Meat

For diners in the Soviet Union, 1976 is turning into the Year of the Fish. In past weeks signs have sprouted outside *restorany* and *stolovye* (cafeteria-style eateries) across the country, warning customers that meat will not be served one day out of seven. Moscow insists that the campaign will "improve the food pattern" of Soviet citizens. In fact, the Kremlin has been forced to scale down meat consumption because of a growing shortage—the direct result of last year's disastrous grain harvest.

In the face of necessity, the Russians are proceeding as cheerily as they can;

Tass reports have approvingly noted that "fish Thursdays have caught on well with Muscovites," who now tell themselves that eating more fish is good both for the brain and the cholesterol count. The 75 million-ton grain shortfall of 1975 led to a severe pinch in feed grain for animals; as a result, a sizable percentage of the Soviets' livestock was unseasonably slaughtered early this year. For a brief time, urban shoppers were presented with the agreeable spectacle of entire carcasses for sale in markets where supplies were never too abundant. The current scarcity, augmented by a foot-and-mouth epidemic centered in the Ukraine, could last as long as two years—if other agricultural disasters do not make things worse.

Of course, the Kremlin admits to no such thing. Soviet officials refuse to describe the nonoptional table d'hôte as an austerity program at all. Since the meat from restaurants—in Moscow, 300 tons a day, or 17% of the city's consumption—goes on sale in the marketplace instead, an official claims that "one can speak of 'saving' only allegorically." Figurative or not, the change probably shocks few Russians, who are already accustomed to periodic shortages in everything from onions to matches to soap.

INDIA

War on Rats

The *dhaman* is a yellow-tinted snake, ranging from 4 ft. to 10 ft. in length, that once had the run of the Indian countryside. To the dismay of the Indian Parliament, these are hard times for the *dhaman*, as well as for the more

than 20 other varieties of Indian herpetofauna that prey on, among other things, the domestic brown rat, known as *Rattus rattus*. Thanks in part to commerce, which values the hide of a snake more than that of a rat, the rodents have been winning the battle against their deadliest enemy. Two weeks ago, India's legislators decided it was time to redress the balance. They choked off the nation's lucrative snake-hunting business, hoping to restore the old level of conflict between the rat and its most slithery foe.

Unfair Odds. Specifically, India has clamped a ban on the roughly \$2 million annual export of snakeskins. That seemingly modest action was, in fact, a firm declaration of war against the nation's estimated 4.8 billion rat population, which outnumbers humans by a ratio of 11 to 1. Those are unfair odds. India's rats are believed to eat or destroy almost half the grain consumed in India—100 million tons; moreover, the rats are disease carriers, profligate breeders and just plain pests.

Never small, India's rat problem has become urgent in recent times. The reason is that India, with a bumper crop of 114 million tons of grain last year, wants to stockpile 15 million tons against possible bad times ahead. The size of the crop far outruns the country's storage capacity; much of the grain has been piled up in impromptu warehouses, like unused college buildings, where the rats are having a field day. Hence the need for more snakes. Curiously, both animals are considered sacred—and thus inviolable in some regions. Even though India has conducted antirat campaigns from at least 1881 onward, lingering reverence may be one reason why the pesky rodents continue to thrive.

CROWD OF CALCUTTA RESIDENTS WATCHES RATS FORAGING IN THEIR STREET





ERITREAN REBELS IN ETHIOPIA'S BREAKAWAY NORTHERN PROVINCE



ETHIOPIA'S STRONGMAN BENTI

ETHIOPIA

A Land of Anarchy and Bloodshed

The faceless, unpopular military junta in Addis Ababa known as "the Dergue" (literally, the shadow) last week launched an all-out campaign to end the 14-year-old civil war in Ethiopia's breakaway northern province of Eritrea. Following an appeal by Ethiopia's strongman, Brigadier General Teferi Benti, to "crush the reactionary forces," government sources claimed that tens of thousands of peasant volunteers were marching toward the Eritrean border, reportedly armed with such crude weapons as spears and ancient muzzle-loaders. But it seemed doubtful whether the government would be any more successful in putting down the rebellion this time than it has been in the past.

Since the coup against the late, disgraced Emperor Haile Selassie nearly two years ago, Ethiopia's revolutionary experiment in "scientific socialism" has proved to be as eccentric and quixotic as anything decreed by the old kingdom. In addition to the unresolved civil war in Eritrea and successive years of the ruinous drought that led to thousands of deaths by starvation, the Dergue has had to cope with a staggering array of other problems, including widespread internal discontent, armed rebellion in the countryside, and bitter antagonisms with neighboring countries. After visiting Ethiopia, TIME Correspondent William McWhirter reported:

In Addis Ababa, a senior military officer pulled down a copy of *The Living Bible* from his library shelves one evening recently and began reading from a chapter in *Isaiah*. "Israel's kings will be like babies, ruling childishly. And the

worst sort of anarchy will prevail, everyone trampling on someone else, neighbors fighting neighbors, youths revolting against authority, criminals sneering at honorable men." He paused and said sadly, "That is precisely the situation we now have in this country."

Ethiopia today seems caught between the chaos and tragic contrasts of trying to impose a socialist revolution, stitched together from Marxist-Leninist textbook ideology, onto an ancient and feudal land of almost bewitching beauty and vulnerability. The mountainside city of Addis Ababa itself reflects the dichotomy. Its haunting, wild setting amid mist-covered mountains, ancient stone paths and a profusion of roses and bougainvillea is as timeless and unchanged as its poverty-stricken population, dressed in layers of worn, soiled clothing, sleeping in rag bundles on the side walks, and driving small flocks of donkeys and cows through the main streets. The city is still dominated by the immense, pale brick palace long occupied by Selassie, where the blinds are drawn as if he were only sleeping. Even the Emperor's horses are kept just as they were when he was alive, in their parade stables downtown.

For most Ethiopians, the ghost of the Emperor today holds no sway. On the contrary, they continue to accuse him and his family—as if it were one of their few sources of daily comfort—of pervasive abuses of power and privilege before the revolution, when the royal family controlled the courts, the land, the schools. "All that we produced we were forced to share with the landlords," recalls one peasant. "Before we settled our debts for one year, the next had come, so we always operated at a loss." The legacy of such conditions is a coun-

try where the per capita income is \$80 a year, two-thirds of the population live a day's walk from a road, and one-third of all children die before the age of five.

The Dergue has failed to fill this vacuum with any kind of effective government. Says one foreign observer: "No one is ruling Ethiopia today. In every area there is a power struggle going on." Promises of land reform have led to village feuds and shootouts. Tribes and regional armed bands have begun exercising their own claims to local independence.

The paralysis has spread within the business community and the government's own bureaucracy. "The decision-making process has completely collapsed," says an officer of the government-controlled Commercial Bank. "You have one thing one week, another the next. Anyone who speaks out gets some lead in the head." Law and order, where it exists at all, is mercurial. Prisoners have been cleared by courts-martial only to be returned directly to jail after verdicts of innocence.

Napalm Raids. The government's search-and-destroy tactics in Eritrea have helped to alienate even the Christians there, who initially opposed the Moslem-led rebellion. Whole villages have been devastated by saturation bombing raids—sometimes involving napalm—carried out by U.S.-supplied Phantoms. The troubles in Eritrea have left the small French port of Djibouti as Ethiopia's only major outlet to the sea. The colony is set to gain its independence later this year, but the Addis regime fears it may be annexed by heavily armed, Soviet-backed Somalia, with which Ethiopia already has a simmering border feud that several times has exploded into open skirmishing. Ethiopia's 40,000-man army, largely American-equipped, is one of the biggest and best in Africa, but it will have all it can do to control Eritrea—let alone fight a pitched battle for Djibouti.

ZAIRE

Mobutu: 'One Chief, Not Two'

For more than a decade, Mobutu Sese Seko, 45, has ruled Zaire with style and forcefulness—a fact that his countrymen are seldom allowed to forget. Commonly referred to by his own government and press as *Le Guide*, Mobutu restored stability to the former Belgian Congo and unified its 100 tribes into a true nation after the bloody civil war of the 1960s. Since then, the shy, scholarly army commander has become a flamboyant, African cult figure whose rule sometimes seems akin to that of a god-chief. Mobutu's portrait, capped by the leopard-skin hat that has become his trademark, is everywhere to be seen in the capital city of Kinshasa and throughout the country.

Mobutu personally ordained everything from the country's total nationalization program two years ago to such personal touches as dictating that Zaireans drop their Christian names for African ones, address one another as "citizen" and "citizenship," and wear a form of national dress—batik sarongs for women, tunic suits for men. Absolute wealth has tended to follow absolute power; Mobutu—whose personal interests include property in Spain and Switzerland—has been widely described as one of the wealthiest men in Zaire.

But Zaire is in serious economic trouble; its fortunes rise and fall on the world price of copper—the country's principal export—which has dropped from \$1.41 to 68¢ per lb. over the past two years. Zaire has recently begun to pay the price for Mobutu's grandiose development schemes, including a national airline, a \$1 billion hydroelectric project and a new \$800 million copper complex. The government was forced to devalue the currency by 42% this spring and has defaulted on \$400 million in foreign loans. The inflation rate has shot up to 120% over the past three years, while per capita income remains about \$90 annually. In recent months there have been serious shortages of bread, rice and other staples, and increasing signs of both disease and discontent.

Despite an abortive coup last year, Mobutu remains unchallenged in his control over both the Popular Movement of the Revolution (MPR), Zaire's only legal political party, and the country. In a rare interview, Mobutu spoke with *TIME* Correspondent William McWhirter at his spacious villa, which

looks out over the rapids of the Zaire River and across to the border of Brazil. "For all his dashing flamboyance in public," reported McWhirter, "Mobutu was surprisingly low-keyed and serious. He was nevertheless lively, outspoken and outwardly untroubled about the future of his country and the continent." Excerpts from the interview:

ON INTERVENTION IN ANGOLA. It is a normal episode for young countries. Zaire has known a lot of turbulence in the past—secessions, rebellions, civil

war, and that is what I feel is going on in Angola. There was much more violence than we had, much more vested interest from the outside than in 1960 in the Congo. The thing that concerns us is the quantity of heavy sophisticated arms and equipment that the Russians and Cubans have amassed in that country. We cannot, in the face of that, be indifferent. [But] I really don't think the Russians and Cubans intend to repeat their Angola experience in other places in Africa. It would be a terrible error on their part. Africa is mature enough to resolve its own problems.

ON RHODESIAN GUERRILLAS. Those who want to help Africa to be free would do better to help the countries who have proved and shown that they are able to help the liberation movements rather than come in themselves with the kind of direct involvement that only leads to confrontation. But take the situation in Namibia. Take the situation in Zimbabwe. As far as the West is concerned, after Angola, the Russians and the Cubans can't go into Zimbabwe and other countries. But Africans would applaud them if they walked in tomorrow. It doesn't matter what the color of their skin is. We were pleasantly surprised to see [Secretary of State Henry] Kissinger in his Lusaka speech taking a position for the liberation of southern Africa. In that area there has never been a position stated by the Americans.

ON AFRICA'S STABILITY. As an American, you have 200 years of independence behind you. We have not been independent for 20 years. What are 20 years in the life of a country or a continent? When we've been going 200 years, our grandchildren will have made certain progress. We have our problems. But things will come. What were the first 20 years like in America?

ON MOBUTU'S PROGRAM OF ZAIREAN "AUTHENTICITY." Authenticity is very simple. It is what you are. It is what I am. It has nothing to do with culture. It is an attitude. The key is not to return to the past but to recover it. We take from our history what is valid for the present. Our women don't wear pants, they don't wear wigs, they don't wear lipstick. Because of this return to authenticity we have a huge culture we can draw from. We still have much "decolonizing" to do of our own spirit, our own culture. It is a question of mentality, not race, black or white.

ON HIS STYLE OF GOVERNING. I am not a Westerner—I am a Zairean, an African. I live with technology like anyone else in the world, but this is an African democracy. It has one chief, not two, not three.



ZAIRE PRESIDENT MOBUTU SESE SEKO IN KINSHASA

The key is not to return to the past but to recover it.

ON WAR IN RHODESIA. It is inevitable. It is absolutely inevitable. The only people still being dragged down in the world are black people. Black people cannot go to colonize in Britain. They cannot go to the U.S. and colonize Connecticut. As far as Zimbabwe [Rhodesia] is concerned, as far as jus-

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Vantage gives you flavor like a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

That's a simple statement of truth.

We don't want you to misunderstand us. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy.

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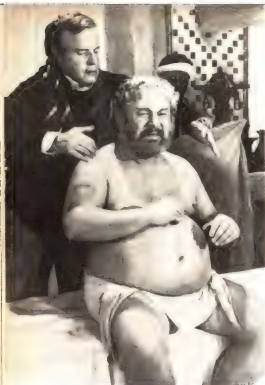
We just don't see the point in putting out a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you won't smoke it.

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FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. 75.



ZEFFIRELLI WRESTLES WITH USTINOV

"I felt like a sumo wrestler," grumbled Actor **Peter Ustinov**, reflecting on his scanty costume in *The Life of Jesus*. "But I'd rather wear diapers than nothing. I'm not very decorative anyway." Cast as a hefty King Herod by Director **Franco Zeffirelli**, Ustinov makes his biggest splash when he drops by the Roman baths for a dip with his fellow dignitaries. "Romans talk more freely in the bath," quipped the actor, adding that his watery scene was "not long enough for me to catch a cold." The movie, which features **Olivia Hussey** as the Virgin Mary, **Robert Powell** as Christ, and **James Mason** as Joseph of Arimathea, is due on television next spring. Ustinov, who played the emperor Nero in the 1951 film *Quo Vadis*, insists he is happy in the role of a heavy. "In religious films," he notes, "the best parts go to members of the opposition."

FRANK AND HIS FIANCEE CELEBRATE THEIR ENGAGEMENT IN LAS VEGAS



French President **Charles de Gaulle** acted "in the manner of a supreme commander asking for information from a sector commander" when he first met West Berlin Mayor **Willy Brandt** in 1959. Soviet Party Chief **Leonid Brezhnev**, on the other hand, led the way to a well-stocked party when he welcomed Willy, then Chancellor of West Germany, to the Crimea years later. Brandt's account of both meetings is part of his upcoming memoirs, *Encounters and Insights*, the first installment of which appeared last week in the West German newsmagazine *Der Spiegel*. **Lyndon Johnson**, writes Brandt, was basically a bother. Johnson came to Berlin as **John Kennedy's** Vice President in 1961, and where Kennedy proclaimed, "*Ich bin ein Berliner*," Johnson was more the ugly American. "On a Saturday evening, we had to get shoes from a store which had long been closed because he liked mine so much," recalls Brandt. "Since his feet were different sizes, he needed two pairs. On Sunday, we had to get a collection of electric shavers as presents for friends." Later that same evening, the director of a manufacturing company "came to the Berlin Hilton to take an order for a considerable number of small ashtrays." Johnson's disarming explanation: "They look like a dollar and cost me only 25¢."

After three previous tries at love and marriage, crotchety Crooner **Frank Sinatra** is announcing his willingness to fall into the tender trap once more. Frank, 60, who enjoyed matrimony successfully with Childhood Sweetheart **Nancy Barbato** and Actresses **Ava Gardner** and **Mia Farrow**, has promised he will soon be getting to the church on time with **Barbara Marx**, in her forties, a former Las Vegas showgirl, model and ex-wife of the Marx Brothers' **Zeppo**. "Yes, it's true, but it's

nobody's goddam business," grumped Frank last week, suggesting that he had had high hopes of keeping his proposal a secret. But after dating Barbara for four years, he should have expected that his intentions would be suspect.

"Even though I got my start in soft-porn films, I think they liked me for more than the undressed parts," reflects Dutch-born Actress **Sylvia Kristel**, 23, who first bared her talents in *Emmanuelle*. Now about to appear in Director **Roger Vadim's** *La Femme Fidele*, Kristel plays the role of a faithful wife who must contend with advances from another man. The role is "en costume," notes Sylvia primly, and "the audience will have to wait a full 40 minutes before I give in." Viewers of future Kristel movies may be kept waiting too, but the titles suggest that it won't be a fruitless vigil. After finishing *Femme*, she will film *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*, a murder mystery featuring **Peter Fonda**, **Michael York** and **Orson Welles**. Later she will star in *Madame Bovary*, which will be directed by **Hugo Claus**, 47, the father of her son Arthur, 15 months. "It's another costume picture," says Sylvia, beginning to sound like a period piece herself. "I now love costume pictures."

KRISTEL TITILLATES A LITTLE IN EMMANUELLE



PEOPLE

Her late-night calls to reporters once made her phone line the liveliest wire in Washington. But now **Martha Mitchell**, suffering from multiple myeloma, a bone marrow cancer, and harried, is letting her attorney do the talking. "She is desperately ill, without friends or funds," asserted Lawyer William C. Herman in New York State Supreme Court last week, where he is attempting to collect nine months of back alimony from Martha's estranged husband, former Attorney General **John Mitchell**. While appealing his conviction for Watergate crimes, Mitchell has not only maintained a private chauffeur, said Herman, but recently received \$50,000 of an expected \$150,000 advance for a book on Watergate. Despite Mitchell's own claims that he was "living on borrowed funds," Justice Manuel A. Gomez cited the "absence of any denial" to Martha's charges and ordered the former Attorney General to pay up the \$36,000 he owes Martha.

There are Russian spies, a kidnapped British scientist, a Pakistani Robin Hood, a Soho gay bar and some madness in a Bavarian castle. All of which is typical movie fare for fans of intrepid Inspector Clouseau, the bumbling gumshoe played by **Peter Sellers**. After a trio

of previous successes (*The Pink Panther*, *A Shot in the Dark*, *The Return of the Pink Panther*), Sellers and Director **Blake Edwards** have teamed up for another round of Clouseau capers with *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*. This time Sellers' co-star is Actress **Lesley-Ann Down**, formerly Georgina in the *Upstairs, Downstairs* TV family and now a Russian agent sent to eliminate the good detective. Is Sellers wearying of the Pink Panther movies? "No, but I don't plan to make another one for some time," he says. "I think they have to be spaced out—if you know what I mean."

His next movie, due out this fall, is *Marathon Man*, a title appropriate for Britain's ever active master of the stage, **Laurence Olivier**, 69. But last week Lord Olivier confessed he has been slowed a little. "I've had quite a bad time of it for two years or so," he said, breaking a long silence about nagging health problems. His ailment? "It is called dermatomyositis, a wasting inflammation of the muscles. It's a rare disease, dammit, and no doctor can say whether you are going to get better." The illness, which sent Olivier to a London hospital last year, will not keep him from trouping before the cameras. Noting "the spiritual uplift that comes with work," he announced plans to appear opposite **Robert Wagner** and **Natalie Wood** in a TV production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Violinist **Yehudi Menuhin** first performed there as a prodigy of eleven; Composer-Conductor **Leonard Bernstein** once played piano in its dance studios for \$1 an hour. Last week

both were back at Carnegie Hall, along with the New York Philharmonic and a contingent of famous colleagues, for a fund-raising gala to celebrate the hall's 85th anniversary. Among the performers: Violinist **Isaac Stern**, Cellist **Mstislav Rostropovich**, Baritone **Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau** and Pianist **Vladimir Horowitz**, who had come to play at his first nighttime concert in 35 years. The program, which cost up to \$1,000 per ticket and inspired \$1.2 million in contributions to the impoverished performance center, included compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Tchaikovsky—the latter having conducted at Carnegie Hall's opening night in 1891. "May the Lord have mercy and forgive us for what we are about to do," said Stern, smiling, before joining his friends in the final number, a spirited but flawed vocal rendition of Handel's *Messiah*.

SINGERS MENUHIN, FISCHER-DIESKAU, ROSTROPOVICH, HOROWITZ, BERNSTEIN & STERN



SELLERS AND DOWN IN A PINK PANTHER CAPER

BUT GOES UNDER COVER IN LA FEMME FIDÈLE





INTEGRATED CLASSROOM AT PREDOMINANTLY BLACK FLORIDA A. & M. UNIVERSITY

Black Colleges: the Desegregation Dilemma

"You can't have a potential black leader who has been educated with Ivy League illusions about the world." Thus Luther Brown, 21, explained why he turned down a scholarship from Stanford University to attend Howard University, which is predominantly black. Certainly few of today's black leaders have Ivy League illusions: the overwhelming majority of them, as well as of black college graduates as a whole, got their degrees from black institutions.

In Jeopardy. But this may not be true much longer. In spite of the notable recent upgrading of such already fine schools as Howard and Morehouse College, two-thirds of the 800,000 black college students, including many of the brightest, are now attending white institutions. Distinguished black professors have also joined the "brain drain," and as a result, some of the nation's 120 black colleges and universities are in jeopardy. Generally committed to accepting the financially strapped graduates of inadequate secondary schools, they are now hard pressed to enroll more qualified black students, to improve their faculty and to attract precious research grants. The colleges derive a large portion of their income from state and federal grants. Such funding is leveling off, which, because of inflation, means a loss of real income.

A more significant threat is posed, ironically enough, by recent efforts to achieve integration. As a result of a 1973

federal court decision, ten state educational systems were asked to submit plans for desegregating their colleges. Among them are 32 black colleges that face the loss of Government funding if they do not integrate their classrooms.

One of their new problems therefore is how to attract white students. Complains Morehouse President Hugh Gloster: "In a country where foundations and corporations have provided millions of dollars to predominantly white colleges to recruit black students, I know of no black college that has received a large grant providing scholarship money to attract white students."

Various strategies have been worked out. Florida A. & M. uses part of the state funds allotted under its desegregation plan for incentive grants to superior nonblack applicants, 10% of its 5,700 students are now white. Georgia's Savannah State College, Virginia's Norfolk State and North Carolina A. & T. University have successful joint academic programs with nearby predominantly white colleges. Says Savannah State's President Prince Jackson: "We are getting more applications from whites as a result."

The best estimate is that predominantly black colleges are now 5% to 8% white. For the most part, the white students attend for the same reasons as many of the blacks: convenience of location, low tuition, the availability of courses they want and, in some cases, relaxed admissions requirements. More than half the whites, according to a recent survey of 18 black institutions, are transfer students, and the great major-

ity are pleased enough to recommend their new colleges to their friends.

But Jackson thinks too much pressure has been put on black colleges to integrate. Says he: "I do not feel the same kind of pressure was put on white institutions to increase the black presence."

Damnable Act. In March the National Association for Equal Opportunity in Higher Education, a group of more than 100 black college presidents, filed an *amicus curiae* brief opposing a new demand for stronger desegregation efforts growing out of the 1973 decision. The college presidents oppose strict enforcement of desegregation laws as they apply to black colleges because they believe their colleges are needed for "remedial-type activity" that "cannot cease until black people have, in fact, equal educational opportunity" in elementary and secondary schools. In a more emotional summation of the views of black educators, former Morehouse President Benjamin Elijah Mays declared, "If America allows black colleges to die, it will be the worst kind of discrimination in history. To say that colleges born to serve Negroes are not worthy of surviving now that white colleges accept them will be a damnable act."

Kudos: Round 1

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

Patricia Roberts Harris, LL.D., lawyer and former Ambassador to Luxembourg. *The ninth black American appointed to an ambassadorship, you were the first woman of your race to hold this office.*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Jacquelyn Anderson Mattfeld, LL.D., new president of Barnard College. *Gregor Piatigorsky, Mus.D., cellist.*

DAVIDSON COLLEGE

The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, LL.D., president of the University of Notre Dame.

DUKE UNIVERSITY

Dr. Lewis Thomas, LL.D., president of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

Art Buchwald, LL.D. *He writes with simplicity and devastating humor of daily dilemmas imposed upon the unsuspecting citizen.*

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Ellsworth Bunker, LL.D., U.S. ambassador at large.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Judge W. Arthur Garrity, LL.D., author of Boston's school-desegregation



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2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine: 70 mm length.
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Dr. Elisabeth Kubler Ross, H.H.D., psychiatrist and author of *Death, the Final Stage of Growth*

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY

Mother Teresa of Calcutta, I.I.D. *For dedicating herself to an austere life of sanctified service among the "poorest of the poor."*

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE (IND.)

Paul Horgan, Litt.D., historian and author of the Pulitzer-prizewinning *Lamy of Santa Fe*

Dr. Mildred Jefferson, H.H.D., chairman of the National Right to Life Committee

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

Patsy Mink, I.I.D., U.S. Representative from Hawaii

UNION COLLEGE (N.Y.)

Benny Goodman, D.F.A., band leader

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

The Most Rev. Helder C  mara, L.L.D., Archbishop of Recife, Brazil

Luis W. Alvarez, S.D. *Always alert for innovative applications of nuclear physics, he used neutrinos from outer space to search for undiscovered tombs in the Egyptian pyramids*

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

Richard Wilbur, L.H.D., teacher and poet

WILLIAM AND MARY

Robert Martin Coles, I.H.D., psychiatrist and author

YALE UNIVERSITY

Mary D. Leakey, S.Sc.D., archaeologist, Garry Trudeau, I.H.D., creator of *Doonesbury* Yale's image, "as the hucksters would say, will never be the same after what you have done to your classmates and your President."

PATSY MINK



ROBERT COLES



Britain's Barbara

When Barbara Walters joins ABC's *Evening News* next fall, she will be the highest-paid woman ever to anchor a national news program—but not the first in the world. For more than a year, Angela Rippon, 31, has been the Barbara Walters of the British Broadcasting Corp.'s evening newscasts. There is one major difference between the two women: while Walters will get \$1 million a year for her efforts, Rippon makes the standard BBC reporter's salary of less than \$14,000, not counting a \$127 annual clothing allowance.

Like her American counterpart, Rippon was brought in to help raise the ratings of her network's prime-time news. The government-chartered BBC does not accept advertising, but does depend on ratings to justify the ever-rising license fees (currently \$32.75 a year for a color set) that pay most of BBC's bills. The network claims that 1.5 million more Britons watch its evening news than view that of its rival, the commercial Independent Television Authority. But audience measurement is an unrefined science in Britain, and the ITV's news had long been considered by critics to be livelier and more imaginative than the starchy BBC, known in the trade as "Aunty." In 1972 Aunty tried to go trendy by installing a Huntley-Brinkley-type team of two anchor men, modernizing its set and spicing up its copy with breezy backstairs language. But when the old BBC starch was gone, what was left proved limp and ITV's inroads continued.

Early this year BBC named Andrew Todd, a determined Scots purist, its television news editor, and he set out to stiffen the network's upper lip again. Todd scrapped the two-man format and banned clich  s. He spotted Rippon reading bulletins on the network's late-night newscast and promoted her to prime time. Now she reigns as one of BBC's four newscasters, who appear alone in regular rotation.

A journalist since she was 17, Rippon joined the network as a reporter in 1973 and worked in Belfast, Rome and London. Along the way she developed the icy stare and prim demeanor of a schoolmarm, plus the flawless, classless diction of—well, a BBC announcer. "All

weightiness and reliability," says a satisfied Todd of his Angela and her new colleagues. Nor is he the only one impressed with Rippon; she recently received the Radio Industries Club's Newscaster of the Year award.

Rippon works a three-day shift of twelve-hour days. She does not write her own copy, though she suggests changes to improve style and delivery. "The hardest part of the job is the mental discipline," she says. "You mustn't look as if you're concentrating, but the big-



BBC ANCHOR WOMAN RIPPON AT HER DEVON COTTAGE

Speak plainly and keep a stiff upper lip.

gest pitfall is to lose concentration."

At the end of her work week, she jumps into her MG and roars off to Devon, 225 miles away, where she and her husband, a local auto-parts dealer, have a cottage. Rippon, who has no children, spends her up-country time cooking, riding and bird watching. It is a long commute but, says Rippon, "I've worked all my life in a male-dominated society, and I couldn't pass up an opportunity like this." Nor does word about the salaries they are paying in the former colonies disturb her. Says she: "I'm delighted for Barbara Walters. But things are on a different scale here. We're not in the personality industry. We are journalists, not performers."

COVER STORY

McCartney Comes Back

It seems like yesterday's come round again. Paul McCartney sits alone, stage center, angling slightly forward in a straight-backed chair as he holds his six-string Ovation guitar, playing the first sinuous chords, softly easing into the familiar words

*Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away.
Now it looks as though they're here to stay.
Oh I believe in yesterday.*

The song is a good ten years old. The place goes up for grabs: the collective memory of a generation is galvanized into sweet lyric communion; 16,500 fans in Atlanta's Omni arena stand, cheer, and start to drift away, remembering.

Or nearly. This is also a brand-new day, and a whole new generation. For a great many members of this crowd—perhaps most—this wonderful, wistful ballad recalls a time they never knew. Beatles are legend. McCartney, 33, is here, right now, in barnstorming triumph, making his first concert tour of the States since he and his three noted mates sang their last song together at San Francisco's Candlestick Park in the late summer of 1966. McCartney still draws many of the Beatles faithful, to be sure. He has also found a whole new audience, his audience. They have come to hear him, not history.

The concert is a study in controlled flash, spectacular but not gaudy. Even the trappings of the typical rock super-production—smoke bombs, laser beams, meticulous lighting and shifting backdrops—are used sparingly, for maximum effect. McCartney, wide-eyed, boyish, bounces along eagerly on the warm good will of the crowd. He swings into his syncopated little ditty *Silly Love Songs*, a current hit single (number two on the charts) taken from his latest hit album, *Wings at the Speed of Sound*, out two months and already gone way past gold (a million dollars' worth of album sales) into platinum (a million albums sold). His group, Wings, provides him with full-force backing, surprisingly stronger in performance than on records: Lead Guitarist Jimmy McCulloch and Rhythm Guitarist—and sometime vocalist—Denny Laine, co-founder of the Moody Blues, give McCartney a brawny underpinning of sound, while Joe English whacks away at the drums. Paul's homey wife Linda, 34, is there too, at his insistence. She is hardly a professional musician, but she inflicts no damage either. Linda pokes at keyboards, occasionally chiming in to provide some harmony.

Silly Love Songs is just the sort of tune that comes at the unwary out of car radios and open windows, attaching itself like a particularly stubborn lap cat. It will probably never go away. The brazen breeziness of the music is unshakable.

*You'd think that people would have had enough of
silly love songs.
But I look around me and I see it isn't so.
Some people want to fill the world with silly love
songs.
And what's wrong with that
I'd like to know.*

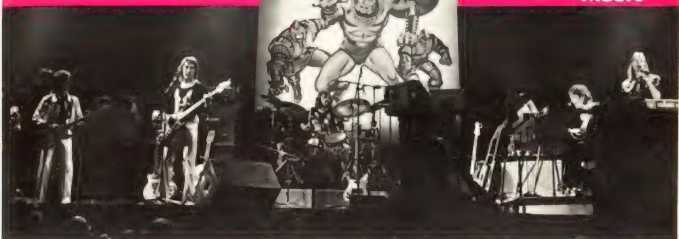
It is a sort of refined disco tune, made for dancing and casual listening. At every concert *Silly Love Songs* gets the same amuck reception as *Yesterday* or any of the other five Beatles tunes McCartney performs during the course of the evening. Sometimes even bigger. Like much of McCartney's recent work, the song slips neatly, without fuss, into the mainstream.

This is a course McCartney has been following since John Lennon initiated the breakup of the Beatles in 1969 by telling Paul "I want a divorce." McCartney's first few albums, done solo or with Linda or with the constantly metamorphosing Wings, survived uncertain financial prospects and some serious critical drubbing. 1974's *Band on the Run* got raves, however, and won the first platinum record McCartney did not have to split four ways. *Venus and Mars*, released last year, was just as successful, and McCartney's current concert tour—which will land him in New York this week for two shows at Madison Square Garden—is sold out in each of the 21 cities it will blitz. In Los Angeles and New York, all tickets were snapped up within four hours. Right now, McCartney is bucking Elton John as Pop's top gun.

McCartney is more than a celebrity, because he is part of the poignant, exalted contemporary myth of the Beatles. Each member of the group had a persona that was clearly defined. George Harrison was the shy mystic, Ringo the innocent good-timer, John the dark poet, Paul—well, the one who would make the best impression on a weekend in the country. His bounteous melodic gifts seemed to be reflected in the brightness of his step, the openness of his smile. His impishness, and his considerable charm, always had an ironic undercurrent of worldliness and assurance. Even now, in performance or in conversation, he has the surprised sophistication of a gremlin who has just been caught under the drawbridge compromising the fairy prince.

PAUL MCCARTNEY AT CONCERT: BUCKING HARD FOR POP'S TOP GUN





McCartney & Wings (l-r: McCulloch, Laine, English, Paul & Linda) at first U.S. concert date in Fort Worth

"If you're a young, vital person who goes to discos, maybe the music's just fine."

It is not for any of this that Paul is popular, however. It is for the music he is making, the flowing Pop that typifies, even defines, the snug place much contemporary rock has found. When Lennon and McCartney wrote "Why don't we do it in the road?" neither one of them was talking about the middle, which is where Paul finds himself now, bopping straight down the white line M.O.R.—"middle of the road"—is what the music business calls it, and that is the course Wings most frequently flies. McCartney is tempering the revolution he helped to create.

The Top 40 is where the money is, but never the heavy action. Bob Dylan, a visionary who helped alter the course of contemporary popular culture, is regularly outsold by the whippy Carpenters, and has had only a handful of singles in the Top 10. One of the most remarkable things about the Beatles was their ability to have it all, to catch and change the spirit of the times, to be wildly popular, vastly influential and still adventurous, to amuse their audiences and make demands on them as well. Rock 'n' roll was born in the 1950s, out of black rhythm and blues mostly, and it took it just about a fast, funky decade to reach its adolescence. Dylan and the Beatles were most influential in bringing it along. In the early '60s it might have seemed heretical to suggest that rock could be a vehicle for intimate self-expression, for anger and confusion, or a cultural revolution. By mid-decade, all that was a foregone conclusion. Rock music had scrounged for and found its own randy legitimacy.

The legitimacy has lasted, but, in 1976, some of the heat has died down. The music itself has become diffuse. Pop is not just rock: it is also disco, soul, reggae, country and ballads. The hottest trend in Top 40 music seems to be themes from successful TV shows. Last week's charts had no fewer than four, including the title songs from *Baretta* and *Laverne and Shirley*. When a smart, articulate song like Paul Simon's smash *50 Ways to Leave Your Lover* gets to the top, it seems like a happy accident.

"The scene is wide open," says Clive Davis, president of Arista, which shared in 1975's booming record sales of some \$2.3 billion. Danny Goldberg, former vice president of Swan Song Records, which has hit it big with Led Zeppelin, complains that "everybody in the business knows a new era has got to come, but they're too busy cashing in on the old one to help it along." Some are helping, either by working their own personal territory (like Randy Newman, Ry Cooder, Tom Waits and James Taylor) or, like Simon, Dylan, Bruce Springsteen (TIMI cover, Oct. 27) or the Band, trying to make their private property public. There are superb performers (like Linda Ronstadt), and wily writers (like Jackson Browne) who are learning the tricks of showmanship. But finding spirited new directions for music is a tradition that, for the time being, is not widely practiced. "Now it has become fashionable not to be too serious," comments Jon Landau, producer of albums by Springsteen and Browne.

As a Beatle, McCartney ebulliently proved that he could

mix with the best of them, but at the moment he is having fun being flippant about rock's old insistence on relevance. His tunes are elaborately homespun, lined with shifting, driving rhythms and coy harmonies, their lyrics full of flights of gentle, sometimes treacly fantasy. There are little science-fiction ditties and frequent paeans to Linda. Even during his Beatle days, McCartney was something of a sentimentalist, and not embarrassed about it. At this point in his development, he seems pleased to be a first-rate performer and a composer of clever songs. "People say the music's not as strong as it was," he told TIMI Correspondent James Willwerth. "But quite possibly it is. If you're not a critic, not some old person who's been around the music business a long time, maybe it's as strong. And if you're a young, vital person who goes to discos looking for birds and all that, maybe it's just fine."

This puts McCartney in the company of good music craftsmen like the Eagles and Neil Sedaka, a singer-songwriter of strong commercial rock in the late '50s. Sedaka lay low during the Beatles era, but in the past few years, with the enthusiastic support of his friend Elton John, has come back as strong as ever. His music, somewhat more urbane, remains essentially unchanged: catchy songs designed for the top of the Pops. Sedaka treats McCartney as a fellow tunesmith of the highest order: "A Pop hit has to have certain hooks you can hang your hat on," Sedaka points out. "The hooks can be either musical or lyrical, but the best is a marriage of both words and music. McCartney does this. A song like *Listen to What the Man Said* is terrific."

Listen to What the Man Said is a good tune, all right, with shrewdly alternated rhythms and a lyric that goes down easy.

love is fine for all we know
For all we know our love will grow—
That's what the man said
So won't you listen to what the man said?

Still, at his best McCartney writes words and music with the sort of unruffled brilliance and canny razzle-dazzle that can put both Sedaka and songs like *Listen to What the Man Said* straight in the shade. Take this example from *Band on the Run*.

Well the rain exploded with a mighty crash
As we fell into the sun,
And the first one said to the second one there
I hope you're having fun.

Even the brightest of his recent songs, however, carry that quality very lightly. "True, Paul's not innovative at the moment, but nobody is except Stevie Wonder," says Singer-Composer



BEATLES IN 1964, REHEARSING FOR TV DEBUT ON ED SULLIVAN SHOW
Suddenly, years later, they didn't look like such pals.

Harry Nilsson, a Beatles crony from way back, adding with some heat, "I don't buy all that crap about saccharine lyrics." Says Bhasker Menon, 41, president of Capitol, which distributes the McCartney records in the U.S. "Paul is a consummate musician. When he does *Yesterday* it is one of the most beautiful songs I ever hear." Perhaps meaning to flatter, he adds with impolitic directness, "As a songwriter I would compare Paul to John Denver."

McCartney's roughest critic over the years was also his best friend. "He sounds like Engelbert Humperdinck," said John Lennon of McCartney's first solo efforts. Later, in Lennon's remarkable album *Imagine*, he put it directly to Paul in *How Do You Sleep?*, a fierce song full of anger and injury.

*A pretty face may last a year or two
But pretty soon they'll see what you can do.
The sound you make is Muzak to my ears.
You must have learned something in all those years.*

The song was less spiteful than revealing, fueled with the kind of fury that can come only out of friendship, injured perhaps irreparably, that refuses either to disintegrate completely or to mend. Wounds went deep, and they stayed open for a while. "I find that I have to leave all that behind," McCartney says now. "It's a decision you make, that's all. Otherwise I would have ended up thinking John was the most evil person on this earth—saying all that."

The reasons for the bitter dissolution of the Beatles, and the protracted legal brawling that followed, are all a matter of public record, if not common knowledge. Once they stopped touring in 1966, the Beatles began to grow in different directions. Their varying attitudes toward business affairs were as typical of these changes as the songs they wrote or the women they chose.

The Beatles did not own the rights to any of their songs. Their two major sources of income—record royalties and music publishing—were almost totally controlled by others. With-

LINDA CAMPS IT UP WITH ICE MOLD SCULPTED AS WINGS LOGO



out the friendship and advice of their manager, Brian Epstein, who died in 1966, the Beatles found themselves in a series of disastrous business deals. They lost their publishing company in a stock-exchange fight, then plunged into a series of financial misadventures through their management company, Apple Corps Ltd.

The group had started its own recording and production company, Apple Records, which was also meant to serve as a kind of Ford Foundation for the counterculture. The place attracted all sorts of day-trippers, rip-off artists and weirdos. "People were robbing us and living off us," Lennon comments. "Eighteen or 20 thousand pounds a week was rolling out of Apple and nobody was doing anything about it."

Not for want of trying. McCartney had met Linda Eastman in London in 1967. A year later he was living with her in London, and he looked to her father and brother, Lee and John, fashionable, tough-minded New York show-business lawyers, for advice on Apple's chaotic affairs. Lennon, in the meantime, had met up with Allen Klein, a free-swinging wheeler-dealer who once sent out Christmas cards with this greeting: "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, because I'm the biggest bastard in the valley."

Klein and the Eastmans did not get along. "It was a choice," John recalled recently, "between the in-laws and the outlaws." John, George and Ringo went with Klein. McCartney, now married, stuck close to his new family. To extricate himself Paul would have to sue not only Klein but the rest of the Beatles, and in 1971 he did. "It all came down to that—I had to fight my own pals," McCartney recalls. "Of course, by that time, they didn't look like such pals. I was having dreams, amazing dreams about Klein, running around after me with some hypodermic needle, like a crazy dentist."

Doubts, recriminations, bitterness. "You rarely get artists who are good businessmen as well," comments James Taylor, whose first album was issued by Apple and lost in the prevailing madness. "The Beatles were artists." It is not over yet. Klein is still suing Apple Corps Ltd. for all manner of unclaimed commissions. This legal furor to date has cost the Beatles £7 million in royalties.

The emotional cost is not so easily calculated. Lennon and McCartney both retreated, Paul seeking the shelter of quiet, closely restricted family life while John exorcised all his demons in public. Apart, they reveled in the sort of vocational excesses they had once checked in each other. Lennon collaborated with his wife, Yoko Ono, on a series of noisome avant-garde records, then switched to abrasive social protest on subjects as various as the Attica killings and the oppression of women. McCartney wrote about the undemanding pleasures of farm life and domestic bliss, going so far as to record a version of *Mary Had a Little Lamb* four years ago.

"Looking at it purely bluntly," McCartney reflects now, choosing the words carefully, "there was sort of a dip for me and my writing. There were a couple of years when I had sort of an illness. I was a little dry. Now I'm not ill any more. I feel I'm doing fine." Shoring up his defenses, drawing his family tight around him, McCartney hymned Linda endlessly. "You want to know about his family life, you can hear it in his music," says



PAUL GOOFING OFF BACKSTAGE
A bit of old England.

McCartney's brother, Mike McGear, himself a Pop singer. Those qualities that many critics find cloying could also be melodic acts of self-persuasion. The songs may not work for the same reason that many of Lennon's from this period do not: they are written and sung more out of need than conviction.

Whatever the reasons, this period is mostly past, and McCartney has embraced the good life with a fine passion. "Paul's very worried about losing his fans because of being too Establishment," John Eastman observes, but McCartney has no hesitation in announcing "It's nice waking up in the morning now. Instead of the dregs of the night, you have the refreshing faces of children and a cup of tea." There are three faces likely to pop up in front of him—Heather, 13, Linda's daughter from a previous marriage, Mary, 6, and Stella, 4—and a nice assortment of houses for the daily awakening.

Despite all the money he has lost, Paul is now worth £10 million. The McCartneys have adopted a pastoral variation on rock's royal style. They keep a home in London's tony St. John's Wood, but, says a member of the McCartney staff, "it is definitely not a show house."

The family also spends a great deal of time at a farm in the Scottish Highlands, a retreat that has the advantages of rugged beauty and almost total inaccessibility. To reach the unprepossessing stone farmhouse, a visitor must start down a tiny, unmarked country lane that leads to two footpaths, each passing through separate farms and yards. Impressively large and vocal dogs patrol the neighbors' property. If an intrepid fan tried the back way, he would be stopped by an impenetrable bog.

If anyone managed to surmount these natural obstacles, there would be little enough to spy on. Mum might be cooking up a batch of her special pea soup (secret ingredient: sea salt). Dad might be settled back with some favorite reading material—science-fiction novels and comics, mostly. The whole family could be gathered around the table, enjoying a favorite meal of eggs and chips and larking about, hitting Dad for "requests"—everything from *That Doggy in the Window* to songs composed on the spot, to order, for whatever child does the asking. Dad may be working on the score for a cartoon movie about a bear named Rupert who flies around in little glass balls, or sawing away on the kitchen table he is building for Mum ("I'm not very good at building—I wonder if it will stand up"). If the skies are fair, he may be in the fields, helping with the shearing. He loves to fall back on a pile of just-shorn wool, burrow down in it, enjoy the aroma, turn his face up and feel the tang of the air, the strength of the sun.

McCartney is proud to be a little bit of old England—even though the homeland taxes him up to 83% on earned income, up to 98% on investments. "I love the place," he says. "I see it as having one of the biggest potentials in the world." The

McCartney politics are conservative. "Paul would be a sort of Republican," says John Eastman. His philosophy of child rearing is elemental. "We try to be very open with them, but not to the point of Dr. Spock, where they sort of run us."

Smarmy as all this may sound to any fan used to high-voltage tales about the profligate life of rock stars, McCartney draws enough sustenance from his rigorously imposed family structure to have it re-created for the current Wings tour. Houses and an apartment are rented in four cities—New York, Dallas, Chicago and Los Angeles. The McCartneys, the boys in the band and assorted advisers and technicians then fly to each gig in a private plane. There is a nanny in attendance, and a "smoothie girl," who packs her blender, fruits and assorted organic goodies and can whip up a quick-energy smoothie drink. A special advance man, Orrin Bartlett, formerly of the FBI, scouts out each concert venue and makes inquiries about bomb threats and grudge calls. Paul worries about snipers.

It is Linda, however, who catches most of the flack. When she first hooked up with Paul, she had been on the rock scene, snapping photos, for a few years, and had been involved in affairs with prominent musicians. Born in Scarsdale, raised to wealth, Linda was considered by many just a high-flown groupie. But according to Journalist Robin Richman, she had "a sense of breeding and culture that all these guys responded to. Linda's place in Manhattan was like home for some rock stars, a place they could crash if they didn't feel like a hotel."

Attacks—similar to the ones on Yoko Ono—reached a fever pitch when Linda began chipping in on the music. According to her husband, it was all his idea. He started her at the keyboard by pointing out middle C. "I could have done a smart bit of p.r. during the time she was being criticized," Paul told Beatles Biographer Hunter Davies. "But I thought, 'Sod em.' I don't have to explain her away. She's my wife and I want her to play with the group. She'll improve. She's an innocent talent. That's all rock 'n' roll music is. Innocent music."

Unlike most rock superstars, the McCartneys try to stay in touch with reality. A couple of years ago, after Paul complained about not meeting people on a personal level, Wings toured rural England for a month, stopping each night to play at friendly-looking pubs. The isolated feeling popped up again a few months after a concert in Berlin. This time the solution was quicker and zanier. Paul and Linda painted the lyrics of *Silly Love Songs* on a bed sheet and paraded it along the Berlin Wall. The trek ended at Checkpoint Charlie.

Like the rest of rock's nobility, the McCartneys can indulge any generous or acquisitive whim. Linda has sponsored a couple of struggling artists. On the current tour, the family got off a

THE MCCARTNEYS AND THEIR ENTOURAGE FLYING BETWEEN ENGAGEMENTS, KEEPING MUSIC AND FAMILY CLOSE TOGETHER



MUSIC

Texas freeway at the wrong exit, spotted an Appaloosa grazing in his pasture and bought the animal there and then.

Any tour brings unwelcome questions about a Beatles reunion. Paul and John—"They talk a lot now," says a friend of Lennon's. "All the guys do"—got together with their wives recently in New York and discussed not reunion, but how to field questions about it. "You're really going to get all that," Lennon reminded McCartney. The requisite denials come from the McCartneys with weary certitude whenever a journalist raises the subject.

The persistent interest is understandable, however, based not only on nostalgia but also on a sense of what is happening once again with Beatles records. Even as McCartney brings the crowds to their feet at his concerts, five old Beatles songs are in the British Top 20. Capitol is gearing up to release an upbeat anthology of Beatles goldies in two weeks, and plans to spend a million dollars on promotion alone, the largest campaign in the company's history. Along with TV ads, Capitol plans to bedeck the country's leading record stores with Beatles banners and posters and, accordingly, has purchased 110 miles of clothesline.

It does not seem sufficient to hang such a big dream on Lawyers for the four Beatles had uncommonly long, closed meetings most of last week in Los Angeles, and were adamant about discussing none of the details. A West Coast promoter and part-time Barnum named Bill Sargent has offered the group \$50 million for a reunion. Said Paul: "The only way the Beatles would come together is if we wanted to do something musically." The others say nothing. It has been this way since the group disbanded, brush fires of hope fanned a little, then stamped out.

A reunion would be particularly wrenching for McCartney just as he is enjoying his first full success since the breakup. It might not be easier for anyone else either. Jenny Brandt, a 17-year-old McCartney fan, said it best as she waited to get into the Philadelphia concert. "Wings is doing good on its own, even though it'll never be the same as the Beatles. But I don't want them to get back together. It would be a super-let-down. They could never produce the music they once did. It's a different era, and they've changed in different ways."

Some years back, of course, Paul McCartney put it well, too: let it be.

Dr. Nolen's "Double Cabbage"

At 47 he was only slightly overweight and considered himself reasonably fit. He ate and drank moderately, exercised often and did not smoke. But on a warm day last May, after only five minutes of racquetball, he suddenly became extremely short of breath. A burning sensation swept through his chest. Too exhausted to continue, he crouched on the ground trying to recover. Eight weeks later he was wheeled into an operating room for a coronary bypass.

AUTHOR-SURGEON NOLEN DURING WORKOUT

Though thousands of middle-aged victims of heart disease have undergone such operations in the past decade, this was no ordinary patient. He was William A. Nolen, M.D., author of the 1970 bestseller *The Making of a Surgeon*, a startlingly candid behind-the-scenes account of his surgical apprenticeship at New York's Bellevue Hospital, and other popular books. Not one to miss an opportunity to publish, the articulate Litchfield, Minn., surgeon has now made the most of his unfamiliar position at the other end of the scalpel. In a new book titled *Surgeon Under the Knife* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; \$8.95), Nolen tells an exciting life-and-death story—his own—and also provides useful insights that should help less informed surgery patients.

As always, Nolen is refreshingly candid. He admits that he foolishly refused to take his first chest pains seriously—though he had a history of high blood pressure, and his father died at 58 of heart disease. After an electrocardiogram finally confirmed that the pain was angina—a condition caused by an inadequate flow of blood to the heart muscles—an immediate concern, he allows, was whether he would be able to keep up an active sex life. "Let me confess that... I like sex—one might say I love it." While he is graciously appreciative of his doctors' skills, he is also willing to point out their occasional bluffs.

He recalls, for example, that his original cardiologist in Minneapolis carelessly neglected to look at his EKG for

six days. Then, when he finally did, he abruptly announced that if delicate heart X rays he was about to take confirmed his suspicions, Nolen might have to undergo surgery the very next day. Refusing to be stampeded, Nolen left Minneapolis and headed for Boston's famed Massachusetts General Hospital to get another medical opinion.

Electric Shock. It was a defiantly wise decision—one, Nolen concedes, a layman might have been too timid to make. At Massachusetts General, he learned that his problem was arteriosclerosis: a buildup of fatty deposits was obstructing two of the three coronary arteries. The suggested remedy: an operation that heart surgeons humorously call "a double cabbage"—from the acronym CAB (for coronary artery bypass). Though more than 90% of the patients who undergo such operations survive at least five years, Nolen knew that any heart surgery posed grave risks. While the surgeons do their work, the heart-beat must be stopped and the blood pumped by machine. Later, the stilled heart must be jolted back to life.

Nolen's operation went without a hitch. Awakening in the recovery room four hours later, he found himself in a tangle of tubes and wires. Almost every bodily function was being monitored or controlled. To ensure adequate oxygen for his heart, he was hooked to a respirator. If he tried to move, he felt a sharp chest pain (from the break that was made in his breastbone to get at his heart). Later, as he listened to the beeps of heart monitors echoing through the corridor, he nervously wondered whether any change in their steady rhythm was coming from his machine.

Nolen acknowledges that his fellow doctors gave him unusually cordial treatment—possibly, one young resident slyly suggested, because he might write another book. But his special status and



JACQUES V. BERTIN

posh private room (\$154 a day) did not protect him from "screwups." Several times wrong pills were delivered; a blood test meant for him was taken from the patient next door. Once a nurse even forgot to hook up the crucial heart monitor. Nolen's advice to patients: keep aware of the number and variety of prescribed pills. Ask why X rays are being ordered and demand explanations of everything.

Though Nolen has no assurances that his heart disease is over, he has passed one major hurdle. Three months after his double cabbage, he returned to the racquetball court—and won. He has been breathing easy ever since.



JASLAVECH BEFORE INDICTMENT

Dr. X Indicted

When more than a dozen apparently unexplainable deaths occurred among patients at tiny Riverdell Hospital in suburban Oradell, N.J., in 1965-66, a young doctor finally decided to act on his suspicions. Opening the chief surgeon's locker, he found 18 mostly empty vials of curare—a highly lethal drug sometimes used in small doses to relax muscles during surgery. No charges were ever brought against the surgeon—who explained he was merely using the relaxant for experiments on dogs.

Last week, after a series of articles by New York Times Reporter M.A. Farber on the nearly forgotten case (TIME, March 22), a grand jury indicted the surgeon. Initially identified only as "Dr. X" in Farber's accounts, Argentine-born Dr. Mario L. Jaslavecich, 48, was charged with murdering five of the patients. Their bodies, recently exhumed, all contained traces of curare.

At his arraignment, Jaslavecich—who once said fellow doctors might be trying to "frame" him—pleaded not guilty and was released on \$150,000 bail until his trial. Unless his license is lifted, he will probably continue to perform surgery at two other New Jersey hospitals, where he is considered a highly competent craftsman.

Misery Worth Millions

Membership in the Inner Circle of Advocates does not come easy, but this elite society, formed in 1972, is growing fast. To qualify, an attorney has to win a jury verdict of \$1 million or more on behalf of a victim in a personal injury case. So far, 72 lawyers have been invited to join the organization. In the past month alone, there were three remarkable cases that merited Inner Circle recognition and will spur a growing concern about huge awards.

► Actor James Stacy, 39, the former co-star of the television series *Lancer*, was a touching figure throughout a court battle in Los Angeles. Stacy's arm and leg had been amputated after a drunk driver sideswiped his motorcycle in 1973, at the same time killing Stacy's passenger. Insisted his lawyer, Irving H. Green: "Stacy would have been able to command a million dollars a movie had his career been allowed to develop." Basing its decision on a 1953 California statute that persons who knowingly sell liquor to someone who is "obviously intoxicated" can be held liable for damages, the jury ordered the Beverly Hills bar where the driver had got drunk to pay \$1.9 million to Stacy.

► The 1970 affair between Margaret Housen, 35, a secretary in Washington, D.C., and Angier St. George Biddle Duke, son of Angier Biddle Duke, former U.S. ambassador to Spain and Denmark, would hardly have ranked as a celebrated coupling had not Housen contracted gonorrhea. When doctors told Housen that she probably could not

have children as a result, she sued Duke in his home state of Wyoming. Housen's lawyer, Gerry Spence of Casper, cites his client's courage: "Imagine having the guts to come to a little Wyoming courtroom and cut away the shame and the stigma of the disease, and to say in effect for the first time in American jurisprudence that we can bring matters of this nature out into the open and deal with them publicly." The jury was impressed, ordering Duke to pay \$1.3 million. The decision might open an entire new field of litigation: a VD victim of either sex could haul the responsible partner into court.

► Tired after a day of shopping, Laureen Bernstein, now 24, a Brooklyn bank teller, was about to leave a local branch of the Korvettes department store chain when a store detective grabbed her from behind. "Hey, you!" he shouted. "What are you doing? What's wrong?" asked the terrified Bernstein. She told psychiatrists later that she feared she was about to be thrown into a car, stabbed or raped. The store detectives suspected Bernstein of being an accessory of two Puerto Rican girls they had apprehended earlier for shoplifting. Even though no stolen merchandise was found on Bernstein and the two girls denied knowing her, the store insisted on pressing charges. "You might have a false arrest on your hands," warned the sergeant at the police station when Bernstein was brought in and fingerprinted. False arrest it was, and the innocent Bernstein never quite recovered from the ordeal. Psychiatrists found her a "seriously ill young lady who

VD VICTIM MARGARET HOUSEN

MAIMED ACTOR JAMES STACY



THE LAW

has a tenuous social and psychological equilibrium as a result of the events of Oct. 23, 1972. She will require psychological and financial assistance for some time." The jury made sure Bernstein could get it by awarding \$1.1 million in damages.

These whopping judgments are part of a continuing trend (TIM, Dec. 30, 1974). Jury Verdict Research Inc. of Cleveland reports that there have been a total of 98 awards of \$1 million or more since 1971, with some attorneys winning more than one such case. Lawyers say that the spiraling awards reflect a growing consciousness by juries of a plaintiff's basic rights, the ability of attorneys to present far more sophisticated cases than they once did, and soaring medical costs.

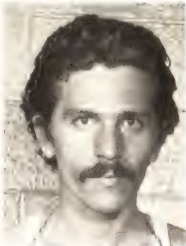
But how much is too much? Even though the awards are often whittled down later by judges, the American consumer almost always ends up paying the bills (including the one-third of the judgment that frequently goes to the plaintiff's attorney). Action is now being considered to set limits on what plaintiffs can receive. In Texas, for example, a state committee is working on proposed legislation that would restrict awards for pain and suffering to \$100,000.

Also troubling legal experts is the capriciousness of awards. Says W. Page Keeton, former dean of the University of Texas School of Law: "There are no yardsticks, no rules of thumb for courts to measure, say, pain and suffering. This is a major problem, and we're going to have to do some thinking about it."

Holiday for Homicide

Police detectives in New Jersey could hardly believe their ears. A mobster hit man named Joseph Rodriguez was spilling detail after gory detail about the 1972 slaying of Mafia Boss Emmanuel ("Nello") Cammarata. Rodriguez, 32, fearful that a contract was out for his own head, hoped for police protection by implicating himself and a New Jersey father and son in the killing. Rodriguez described with professional precision how the son, deftly disguised as a jogger, took aim at Cammarata as he was walking away from a North Miami bistro and drilled him with eight rounds from a .30-cal. carbine. A family man to the end, the 68-year-old Sicilian told the gathering crowd, "Don't call the police. I will be O.K.," and died.

Soon it was the turn of Miami homicide detectives not to believe their ears. They rushed north last October to hear the confession, then returned south seeking authority to bring Rodriguez back to Miami. Only then did Florida authorities discover an astonishing obstacle because of a five-month loophole in state law during 1972, the murderers cannot be prosecuted. The case has now become a public controversy, with State Attorney General Robert Shevin urging Miami to attempt



CONFESSED CONSPIRATOR RODRIGUEZ
Five-month free-for-all.

to prosecute anyway, the court ruling notwithstanding.

Florida's reprieve for killers resulted from the June 1972 U.S. Supreme Court decision against capital punishment. Immediately following the decision, the Florida high bench ruled that if there is no capital offense, there can be no capital offense. Hence, first-degree murder (which normally has no statute of limitations on prosecution) was reduced to a lesser offense and made subject to a two-year statute. In December 1972 the state re-enacted the death penalty and put capital offenses back on the books. Unconsidered was the fact that arrests for any murders that took place during the five-month gap would still have to be made within two years.

This realization has now struck Florida authorities like a hit man's bullet. An estimated 50 still unsolved murders were committed in the state between June and December 1972. Says Shevin sadly, "I don't think it even dawned on the state supreme court that there could be some major cases that would not get solved for two years—and then be unprosecutable." Raymond Marky, assistant attorney general, calls the situation a "terrible travesty."

Solved Cases. Privately, authorities doubt anything can be done. In the Cammarata case, for example, even if it is taken to a grand jury and indictments are handed down, defense attorneys could probably fight successfully against prosecution on statute-of-limitations grounds.

Asked what he would do if he got more confessions from murderers who committed their crimes in the "holiday" period, Miami Homicide Lieut. Gary Minium, who has the Cammarata case, says he would politely thank the killer, bid him goodbye and move the case records from unsolved to solved. Meanwhile, police are holding Rodriguez in protective custody. Somebody may want him—including the Mafia.

Searching for Superplants

"Plants are beautifully designed for reproduction," says Richard Mahoney, "but their efficiency as providers of food is just lousy. They never had any intention of feeding humanity." Yet Mahoney, chief of Monsanto Co.'s agricultural products division, and other plant biologists around the globe are all too aware that the world's burgeoning population is ultimately dependent on plants for food. Their solution: to lend nature a hand by 1) finding or creating new plants that yield more food faster, harvest easier and better resist insects, diseases and climatic extremes or 2) by manipulating existing plants into more efficient food production.

Among the new approaches:

NITROGEN FIXATION. At present only legumes such as peas, beans and alfalfa—with the aid of a soil-dwelling bacterium called *rhizobium*—are known to be naturally capable of fixing nitrogen from the air—joining it to other substances to form compounds necessary for plant growth. Most other plants must obtain their nitrogen from natural and man-made fertilizers. But scientists are seeking to give more plants this nitrogen-fixing ability. At Utah's Brigham Young University, biologists are attempting to "infect" other species of plants with *rhizobia*. Scientists in England have isolated the segment of the *rhizobial* DNA that controls the nitrogen-fixing capability. Now they and other scientists are trying to incorporate

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SCIENCE

this gene into the genetic material of plants like corn. These and other efforts to give grain plants the capability of nitrogen fixation could, if successful, increase the yield of plants and reduce the need for chemical fertilizers. Nitrogen fertilizers require large quantities of natural gas and petroleum to produce.

GENETIC MANIPULATION. Botanists have succeeded in mixing plant genes to create some remarkable hybrids, such as the winter wheat and high-yield corns that have helped make the U.S. plains a global granary. Other hybrids are also helping to fight famine around the world. Pearl millet, introduced in 1965, is currently being grown on some 45 million acres in India, Pakistan and Africa; it accounts for 20% of the food increase attributed to the so-called "Green Revolution" in agriculture. Scientists are also seeking, through cell manipulation, to improve the characteristics of plants. Biologists at the USDA laboratory at Beltsville, Md., and at other centers are experimenting with ways to improve the efficiency of both nitrogen fixation and photosynthesis, the processes by which plants produce the proteins necessary for growth. One researcher has already succeeded in showing that plant engineering may some day be practicable. In 1972 Peter Carlson of Brookhaven National Laboratory managed to unite the cells of two species of tobacco and produce a new plant. Carlson, now at Michigan State University, is currently trying to improve food crops such as corn and sorghum. Other researchers are working to produce plants that have greater resistance to cold, an achievement that could expand both growing seasons and areas where crops can be planted.

GROWTH REGULATION. Growth regulators, those hormone-like substances that control the growth patterns of plants and tell them when to ripen, drop their fruit or prepare for the onset of winter, also have potential for increasing production. Thompson seedless grapes are routinely sprayed with a substance called gibberellic acid, which promotes cell growth and helps produce plumper fruit. A Monsanto product called Polaris is being used experimentally to increase sugar production sprayed on fields, the chemical enhances the ripening of sugar canes. This, it is believed, boosts their sucrose content and may raise their yield of raw sugar by as much as 10%. Researchers are also looking into ways of using growth regulators to synchronize the ripening of field crops so that all can be harvested in a shorter time, a money-saving measure that could mean lower food prices for consumers.

Many plants already in cultivation could be better used to increase food supplies. Spiros Constantinides of the University of Rhode Island has suggested that okra—whose viscid green pods provide the distinctive ingredient in gumbo dishes—could become an important

source of protein if cooks would use its ripe seeds as well as its tasty pods. Researchers with the National Academy of Sciences have been studying a protein-rich "winged bean" that grows in New Guinea and Southeast Asia, and believe it could be successfully introduced into other warm rainy areas where the principal crops—yams, cassava, potatoes—are low in protein. "Believe me, the plant tastes good," says Plant Geneticist Theodore Hymowitz of the University of Illinois. "The flowers taste like mushrooms fried in oil. You can eat the whole thing like an ice cream cone."

The costs of these and other efforts to develop superplants and control plant growth will be high, but worth the price. Pesticides and chemical fertilizers have boosted agricultural yields about as far as they can. But demand for food is increasing. The world's population, now around 4 billion, is increasing at the rate of about 2% a year. Unless food supplies can be increased at least the same rate, millions may starve.

Turning the Clock Back

Historians have long accepted the notion that the Bronze Age began between 3500 and 3000 B.C. in the valley between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in Mesopotamia. It was during this period that man is believed to have developed advanced writing techniques, built the first true cities and brought metallurgy to the stage necessary to produce bronze. Now there is evidence to suggest that a cultural flowering may have occurred earlier—and thousands of miles farther east. Archaeologists excavating sites at Ban Chiang, a small farming village in northeastern Thailand, have found sophisticated bronze artifacts dating back to about 3600 B.C.

Thai archaeologists knew as long ago as the early '60s that unusual and ancient pottery had been found in Ban Chiang. But it was not until 1968, when a visitor brought some of the shards to the University of Pennsylvania's University Museum for testing, that scientists began to take the site seriously. Two types of dating methods indicated that the pottery was fired around 3600 B.C. That discovery led to a long-term archaeological investigation of the area by an expedition headed by Pennsylvania Archaeologist Chester Gorman and Pisit Charoenwongsa (called Dr. Pisit), curator of the National Museum in Bangkok.

In the past two years, excavations around Ban Chiang have yielded 18 tons of artifacts, includ-

ing sophisticated clay pottery. But the most remarkable finds are the bronze spearheads, anklets and bracelets that predate the Middle East's Bronze Age by 600 years and the Bronze Age in China by about 1,000 years. "To make bronze in 3600 B.C. means that these people had an understanding of metallurgy that seems to have been unparalleled in any other area in the world at that time," says Gorman.

Peaceful Life. While there is no evidence that the ancient inhabitants of Thailand built cities that could compare to those of Bronze Age Mesopotamia, their sophisticated implements suggest that they had a high standard of living. Artifacts unearthed at the dig show that the early settlers grew rice, raised animals such as pigs and chickens, and probably believed in an afterlife. The findings also suggest that Ban Chiang's residents lived a peaceful existence. The archaeologists found few weapons of war—and no arrow points in any of the 126 intact skeletons unearthed so far.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS PISIT & GORMAN



ARTIFACTS UNEARTHED AT BAN CHIANG



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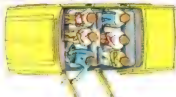
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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

MONEY

The Loan-Charge Mystery

"Is there any point to which you would wish to draw my attention?"

"To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in *Silver Blaze*

Economists these days are applying a kind of Sherlock Holmes logic to the strange case of interest rates. Like the watchdog who did not bark (thus signifying to Holmes that the crime he was investigating must have been an inside job perpetrated by someone the dog knew), loan charges have been doing the opposite of what might be expected. They have been lying low throughout a period when all past experience indicates they should have been rising. Like Holmes, economists think that this curious behavior must provide an important clue—in this case to what is really happening in the U.S. economy. Their main conclusion: inflation is subsiding during this recovery, rather than speeding up as it did in earlier ones, and that has changed all the rules of the game.

The upturn that began just about a year ago seems to be picking up speed. For example, the Government reported last week that real gross national product—output of goods and services, discounted for inflation—rose 8.5% in the first quarter, rather than 7.5% as first estimated. Corporate profits before taxes jumped 45% over the first quarter of 1975, to a near-record annual rate of \$140.8 billion.

By this stage of all previous recoveries, interest rates were rising as businessmen gobbled up loans to finance ex-

pansion and build inventories. But this time interest rates throughout the recovery's first year have continued the slide that began during the recession. The prime rate charged by banks to their most credit-worthy customers has dropped from a sky-high 12% in mid-1974 to 6½% now. Yields on high-quality corporate bonds have held almost unchanged, and those on "federal funds"—money that banks lend overnight to each other—are less than half the almost 13% of two years ago.

A few rates, it is true, have begun to edge up again; the federal funds' rate last week eased up from 5.02% to 5.28%—a signal to some economists that the money supply is tightening. Wall Street has been displaying an almost panicky fear of a further rise; worry about the possibility of higher interest rates is a major reason the Dow Jones industrial average keeps dropping back below 1000 every time it reaches that mark (it closed last week at 990.75). But even the rise in those rates that have turned around is barely visible on charts.

The Missing Premium. Why? Says Walter Heller, a member of TIM's Board of Economists: "This is a mystery to all of us." Economists do have some explanations, however. The most important: not only current price rises but expectations of future ones have diminished to the point where lenders no longer feel they have to tack a high "inflation premium" onto loan charges—and businessmen would not pay such a premium anyway.

The Consumer Price Index in April rose at an annual rate of 4.9%—a bit more than in previous months but a far cry from the pace of 1974 and 1975. The behavior of interest rates indicates that businessmen and lenders believe the im-

provement is real and will continue. In that environment, businesses have less need to borrow: their costs are rising less rapidly, while their profits and cash flow are up sharply. So the demand does not exist to support high interest rates, even if lenders tried to get them.

Corporate treasurers, indeed, are actively trying to avoid borrowing from banks; they remember too vividly the pain of 12% interest rates. Instead, companies are using their higher profits to repay past debt and in some cases pile up huge reserves of Treasury bills and other securities that can quickly be turned into cash. The idea: when the company needs money, it can sell the securities rather than borrow. Even when they do borrow, companies are shying away from banks and either selling commercial paper (a kind of IOU) at rates below the bank prime or tapping the bond market.

Another factor keeping interest rates low is that the Federal Reserve Board has been creating enough new money to accommodate loan demand. That has turned out to be less money than almost anyone a year ago would have thought necessary: the nation's money supply in the twelve months through April grew only 6.1%. But the judgment of Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns as to how much is enough proved surprisingly accurate. One reason is a change in what Burns calls "financial technology": corporations now may open interest-bearing savings accounts and quickly shift the funds, when needed, into checking accounts. That and other means of switching funds electronically from one account to another speed up the flow of money between debtors and creditors, and have



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

the effect of increasing the money supply more than the official figures show.

A few critics now think that interest rates are too low. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, fears that if rates do not rise gently this year, they will go up so abruptly in 1977, when loan demand should finally revive, as to jolt the economy. Burns does now seem to be trying to nudge in-

terest rates up a bit, among other things, he intends to dole out money more slowly. His new target is money-supply growth of 4½% to 7% a year, down from the 5½ to 7½% he had been aiming at for the past twelve months. But the rise in loan charges does promise to be gentle, and for the foreseeable future, 12½ interest rates seem likely to remain only an unhappy memory.

MOVIES

Reaching for the Brass Ring

Remember *Cleopatra*—that wildly bullyhooed Elizabeth Taylor-Richard Burton extravaganza of 1963? Executives of 20th Century-Fox wish they could forget the movie cost \$41 million to make, but has taken in considerably less than that at the box office. Yet much of the movie industry is acting as if it has in fact forgotten the big-budget flops that brought several major studios to the brink of financial ruin in the 1960s. Once again, studio heads—this time backed by the resources of conglomerates that have bought up most of the studios—are pouring huge sums into feature films. Some 20 movies costing \$3.5 million or more each—a generally accepted dividing line between an ordinary movie and a big-budget one—are now in production or distribution, or twice as many as 18 months ago.

The switch back to big budgets is more sensible than it might seem. Movie attendance during the 1974-75 recession boomed to the highest level since pretelevision days, as people apparently flocked to films to forget their worries about inflation and unemployment. With the economy recovering and less need for escape, attendance in the first three months of this year dropped 10% below a year earlier. Studio chiefs need

something to bring the patrons back. And it is the big-budget movies that have been drawing the crowds. *The Godfather* cost Paramount (now a subsidiary of Gulf + Western) \$6 million to make, and so far has returned \$145 million in worldwide rentals. *Jaws* (production cost \$9 million) probably will bring Universal and its corporate parent, MCA Inc., \$180 million by the time it completes its first runs worldwide. Warner Brothers' *All the President's Men* (production cost \$7 million) has started off like the box office smash of all time; in its first six weeks it has earned \$14 million in rentals in the U.S. and Canada, breaking *The Godfather's* record for initial success.

What all these movies have in common, besides expensiveness, is an elusive "special event quality" that gets them talked about until people regard them as a must-see. Since movie tickets now often sell for \$3 or more—and a movie night-on-the-town, complete with dinner and babysitter, costs several times that—most Hollywoodians believe that only "special event" films can pull customers away from their TV sets.

Heavy spending, of course, no more guarantees success now than it did in the 1960s. Fox's \$12 million *Lucky*

Lady, starring Liza Minnelli, has been an utter flop that contributed heavily to the studio's first-quarter loss of \$1.6 million. But moviemaking costs have risen so rapidly that it is just about impossible to attain special-event quality without a huge budget. Special effects like those in *The Poseidon Adventure* or *Earthquake* are frightfully expensive to film. Such "bankable" stars as Robert Redford and Barbra Streisand can easily command \$1 million a picture; top-name directors like Hal Ashby (*Shampoo*) can earn up to \$500,000. Craft union wages are up 15% over last year. Even a middling movie can end up costing \$6 million, which makes it a gamble: such a movie generally must gross \$18 million before it covers overhead and distribution costs and even begins returning a profit. "The numbers are incredible," says Mike Medavoy, United Artists' production chief. "I sometimes wonder about the logic of it all."

Logic notwithstanding, studios are increasingly grabbing for the brass ring. Warner Brothers last week began production of *Exorcist II*, starring Richard Burton. Initial budget \$10 million. Next year Warner will release two new mega-disaster flicks produced by Irwin (Time-*Inc.*) Allen: *The Swarm* (bees do it) and *The Day the World Ended*. Each will cost well over \$12 million. Paramount has in the works Dino De Laurentiis' remake of *King Kong* (\$16 million or so). United Artists will ultimately release a version of Cornelius Ryan's tome on World War II, *A Bridge Too Far*, produced by Joseph L. Levine. UA's *Apocalypse Now* is a Viet Nam extravaganza presently being shot in the Philippines by *Godfather* Director Francis Ford Coppola. Total cost of the latter two movies at least \$30 million.

Wary Studios. The total cost, of course, is not always—or even usually—borne by the studio. De Laurentiis, Levine and Coppola, for example, are independent producers who raise much of the production cost themselves; the studios put up part of the money and take care of distribution. Thus United Artists, a subsidiary of Transamerica Corp., will pay only 20% of the cost of producing the two war movies. Indeed, studios are generally loath to spend as liberally as in the era of *Cleopatra*. Says MCA President Sidney Sheinberg: "If *Jaws* had cost \$20 million, we would not have made it."

Another restraining influence on production costs is the presence of parent-corporation chiefs like Sheinberg to whom studio heads must submit budgets and progress reports, as they did far less commonly in the 1960s. "It's comforting to me to know they [the heads of the conglomerates] are up there," says the executive vice president for finance of a major studio. "Their solid position gives us the strength to know we don't have to go for the big hit every time." Well, maybe not every time—but more and more often.

MASKED AGAINST DUST, FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA DIRECTS APOCALYPSE NOW



PERSONALITY

The Master Mediator

Willie Julian Usery could easily lay claim to holding the most impossible job in Washington. His chief title is Secretary of Labor, but he is also a Special Assistant to the President and the Ford Administration's top labor-management mediator. As such, he is supposed to make sure that neither long strikes nor inflationary wage settlements slow the nation's economic recovery—in a year when contracts covering no fewer than 4.5 million workers expire and rising corporate profits are emboldening unions to demand fat increases in order to catch up with past inflation.

If current experience is any guide, the nation can expect labor peace—at a stiff price. Last month Usery produced a settlement that ended a Teamsters strike after only two days but will oblige trucking companies to raise drivers' wages and benefits by nearly 33% over three years. His next job will be to settle the month-old walkout of rubber workers (negotiations resume this week) before shortages of tires begin closing down auto plants. After that come tricky negotiations in the construction, electrical and auto industries.

At 52, the bluff, barrel-chested Usery faces the challenge with the respect of both labor and management as "the best mediator in the country," to quote Bill Dempsey, the railroads' chief negotiator. Usery rose from welder to become a top negotiator for the International Association of Machinists. So impressive was he at the bargaining table that George Shultz, President Nixon's first Labor Secretary, asked him in 1969 to put aside party loyalties (he is a Democrat) and become an assistant secretary for labor-management relations. That job led to a 1973 appointment as head of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. Along the way, Usery honed his skills as a peacemaker in dozens of bitter disputes, including the 1970 postal workers' strike, the 1972 teachers' strike in Philadelphia, last September's walkout at National Airlines and even the wildest strike of players in the National Football League.

Usery typically begins a negotiation with an unabashedly patriotic appeal to both sides about the moral obligations of making collective bargaining work. If the parties seem particularly antagonistic, Usery will stoke up his meerschaum pipe and keep everyone together for a session of stories and jokes. "We

might spend an entire day talking about women," he says. "It isn't bargaining, but it's something everyone can agree on."

Once he has created a reasonably cooperative atmosphere, Usery gets down to business. "He's got an uncanny ability to grasp the issues," marvels Chuck Chamberlain, head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Signalmen. "He knows when one side is ready to make a concession." Usery also resorts to mild trickery to push for progress. He will, for instance, separate labor and management, telling each group that he will try for a modification in the other's position. Then he will retire alone to his room, letting each side stew—



W. J. USERY AT MEETING WITH NATIONAL AIRLINES
Not above mild trickery.

and work on modifications of its own. Another tactic is to wear everyone down with round-the-clock bargaining. Last December, when negotiations had apparently collapsed on the eve of a nationwide railroad strike, Usery ordered a final meeting. It lasted all night—but the haggard negotiators produced a settlement. "No matter how tired I am," says Usery, "I never walk into a room. I burst in. Negotiators think, 'Hell, we better settle this before he kills us all.'" One labor leader puts it more bluntly. Usery, he says, has "the biggest bladder in the business."

In his nearly four months as Secretary of Labor, Usery has tried to help the Administration set economic policy. "I'm no economist," he admits cheerfully—he never finished college—but that does not stop him from lobbying hard for the workingman. Even if his colleagues do not agree with him, Usery captures their attention. He deploys the most fractured English since Casey Stengel, sometimes talking of "the next physical floor fiscal year." Usery once stunned a French trade minister by saying, "If I might digest for a minute." He meant digress.

All his duties keep Usery so busy that he has barely enough time for his morning calisthenics, much less his family (he has a wife and a son, 29). Preferring to see him a few weeks a year rather than a few minutes a day, they never moved to Washington from Macon, Ga. Still, the hard work has not dimmed Usery's enthusiasm for the front line of mediation, and he looks forward to the rough bargaining sessions ahead. "It's hard to explain," he says, "but there's no feeling quite like seeing people who have been mad and aggravated come out of a meeting shaking hands."

CONSUMERISM

No Fix, No Pay

It is a dreadfully familiar story: a consumer buys an auto, refrigerator, sofa or whatever, and signs a time-payment contract. The product quickly breaks down or proves otherwise defective, and the dealer refuses to repair or replace it. Understandably, the consumer then tries to withhold payment—only to find that his contract has been sold by the dealer at a discount to a bank, finance company or other lender. The lender proclaims, quite correctly, that as the purchaser of a presumably valid contract—in legal parlance, as a "holder in due course"—he has no responsibility for the merchandise but has a legal right to collect the payments. The consumer is stuck: he must continue paying for a no-good product that nobody will fix.

Now, after months of hearings, the Federal Trade Commission has moved to end this nightmare. In a ruling earlier this month, the agency decreed that a holder in due course is responsible for the merchandise, that a consumer can stop payment on a faulty product—and that all that has to be spelled out in bold type on the installment contract. "Consumers may still be sued by holders in due course for payment, but they now have a legal basis for defending themselves. The move will not prevent shoddy merchandise from reaching the marketplace. But since no bank or finance company wants to hire auto mechanics or TV repairmen, the FTC's action should make lenders more wary about buying contracts from merchants who will not stand behind the goods they sell."

Lots of Loans. The FTC's ruling does not apply to contracts already in effect. Nor does it cover credit-card purchases (consumers are already protected under the Fair Credit Billing Act) or loans that the buyer himself arranges from a third party (an auto loan, say, from a bank). Rather, the regulation is aimed at credit deals set up by the seller—even if the seller only steers the con-

The wording: Any holder of this consumer credit contract is subject to all claims and defenses which the debtor could assert against the seller of goods obtained hereto or with the proceeds thereof.



S.E. ("BUNKY") KNUDSEN (LEFT); DUMP TRUCK PART MADE BY WHITE MOTOR CORP.

CORPORATIONS

Black Future for White?

Perhaps the most sullenly exclusive club in U.S. industry is composed of corporations with annual revenues of more than \$1 billion that have wound up in bankruptcy court. At present there are only two members: Penn Central Transportation Co. and W.T. Grant Co., the giant retailer. Soon there may be a third: White Motor Corp., a Cleveland-based maker of heavy-duty trucks.

Last year White lost \$69 million on sales of \$1.2 billion. Currently, White and its chairman, Semon E. ("Bunky") Knudsen, are in a desperate race against disaster. The company missed a May 1 deadline for repaying more than \$100 million in short-term bank loans, and so far has failed to negotiate an extension; the loans now can be called any day that the banks lose patience. The White Motor Credit Co., a financing subsidiary, owes another \$200 million. In recent months, White Motor has sought a sorely needed infusion of capital by trying to merge with Cleveland's White Consolidated Industries, a producer of appliances and other products (the two companies were founded by members of the same family, but there has been no corporate connection between them for the past 70 years). Early in May, White Consolidated thumbed down the merger—whereupon John Sheehan, a former governor of the Federal Reserve Board, quit as White Motor's president.

No Plan. Knudsen then vowed to work out a deal with lending banks to save his company—but last week he confessed to shareholders that he had no refinancing plan, only a cost-cutting program. Although Knudsen stoutly denies it, the betting in the trucking industry now is that White Motor will soon have to file a petition for reorganization under federal bankruptcy laws.

If that happens, the event would mark a sour end to the career of Bunky Knudsen, 63, one of the most star-crossed executives in the U.S. The son of a onetime president of General Motors, Bunky went to work for dad's company and rose to executive vice pres-

ident. Passed over for the presidency of G.M., he did the unheard-of and jumped to become president of Ford—only to lose out in a power struggle with Lee Iacocca, the current president. Undaunted, Bunky in 1971 took the wheel of White Motor and got off to a promising start. He quickly swung a \$290 million line of credit from 42 banks, scrapped or sold off unprofitable properties, developed a new line of trucks and farm equipment and built a \$30 million assembly plant in New River Valley, Va. In the first two years of his management, White's profits jumped from \$2.4 million to \$21.4 million.

What went wrong? Competitors say that Bunky spent lavishly, as if he still had the vast resources of G.M. or Ford to draw on, and shrugged off warnings that truck making is a highly cyclical industry. When the 1974-75 recession hit and sales plummeted, White got into a painful cash squeeze, suppliers of parts slowed deliveries and banks became reluctant to go on making long-term loans.

Knudsen still hopes to persuade the banks to pump fresh money into his company. Meanwhile, he is trying to keep White rolling by cutting \$38 million this year from operating costs. Among other things, he plans to shrink administrative and sales staffs and close a research-and-development facility. Even if White Motor goes under, there are rumors that several corporations might buy up pieces of the company, if the price were right. But for the moment, both Knudsen's and White's prospects look exceedingly bleak.

STATISTICS

Lying Numbers

Officially, the U.S. balance of payments deficit was wiped out last week—and so was any possibility of a surplus. Over the years, Washington evolved several methods of weighing the amount of money going out of the U.S. against the amount coming in, but officials became convinced that none gave a true picture of the American position in transactions with the rest of the world.



TURBOCHARGER ASSEMBLIES BEING INSPECTED
A race against disaster.

sumer to a certain finance company. That adds up to a lot of business, says the FTC—\$122 billion last year alone.

While the rule should inspire consumers to buy with more confidence, it does not please most lenders. Some object to the sweeping language. In reply, the FTC notes that though 40 states have passed laws defining in detail the liability of the holder in due course, few of them were really effective because merchants and lenders found loopholes. Another complaint is that the rule will force small lending institutions to do costly additional work in screening contracts. That, in turn, could lead to higher interest rates and thus harm low-income people who most need installment credit. Perhaps. But the last thing needed by any American, rich or poor, is credit to buy products so shoddy that no one will stand behind them.

So last week the Government gave up even trying. The Commerce Department did report on various classes of transactions for the first quarter. Its figures showed a swing in merchandise trade from a \$2.2 billion surplus in the fourth quarter to a \$1.6 billion deficit, caused by a slight drop in exports, an 11% rise in imports and an increase in capital flowing out of the country. But the department made no attempt to add up the pieces and calculate an overall deficit or surplus.

An Outdated Truth. Statisticians have concluded that the issuance of overall figures only perpetuates the popular belief that deficits are automatically bad and surpluses good. That used to be true in the days of fixed exchange rates for currencies. A U.S. payments deficit then poured abroad dollars that foreign central banks had to buy. The process fanned world inflation by increasing foreign money supplies and built pressure for harrowing currency devaluations or revaluations.

The three-year-old system of floating exchange rates, under which currency values rise or fall according to demand, has changed all that. Now an oversupply of dollars abroad simply drives down the price. This kind of automatic devaluation in turn makes U.S. exports cheaper, increases sales of American products abroad and tends to wipe out any payments deficit. In the long run, officials now think, the health of the U.S. international financial position will best be measured by the dollar's strength abroad.

WEST GERMANY

Deutsche Mark über alles

Compared with its European neighbors, West Germany is enjoying an exceptionally vigorous recovery from the industrial world's worst postwar recession. Its output of goods and services is expected to rise 4.5% this year, and inflation is running at 5.2%, one of the lowest rates in any developed country. Yet, paradoxically, the very vigor of the comeback has created an increasingly worrisome problem. The rising value of the mark against other major currencies is threatening to cut into critically important export sales by putting many German goods at a price disadvantage in world markets.

Just since January, corporate treasurers, bankers and other investors have bid up the price of the mark about 7% against an average of all major currencies. Compared with the currencies of the most economically troubled European nations, the mark's rise has been striking. So far this year, it has climbed 19.6% against the sinking Italian lira and 13% against the British pound, which last week slipped below \$1.80 for the first time. Moreover, with Germany's strong recovery all but assured, any

further economic disruptions in Europe this year will probably kick the value of the mark even higher.

Overall, exports, which account for almost a fourth of all German production, remain strong. In March they rose 30% over a year earlier, to \$12.9 billion. But imports, made cheaper by the rising value of the mark, went up even more, 35%.

Moreover, the general import figures disguise some troubles now developing. A growing number of companies—those producing such goods as chemicals, appliances and textiles, which are almost identical to those of their foreign competitors—are being hurt by the rising cost of their exports. Grundig AG, a consumer electronics maker already fighting cheap Japanese products, reports a drastic drop in sales to Britain and Italy. BASF, the giant chemicals producer, is paring prices and profit margins to hold its international markets.

More and more German companies are trying to maintain their sales by building plants in foreign countries. BASF, which already produces chemicals in the U.S., is planning to expand its American facilities. Last month Volkswagen decided that the only way to compete effectively in the American market was to manufacture autos there. In all, German direct investment abroad last year totaled about \$2.1 billion, up from \$1.7 billion the year before. But the movement of industry—and jobs—out of Germany and into other countries is already stirring misgivings among powerful German labor unions. Though Germany's jobless rate is inching down, it is still at an uncomfortable level of 4.5%.

The government could try to shrink the value of the mark, by having the Bundesbank sell deutsche marks for other currencies. But with Chancellor Helmut Schmidt running for re-election in October, such a move is improbable: it would irritate voters by reducing their ability to buy foreign goods and add to European dissension. More important,

such a move would anger Germany's trading partners. Anyway, it might not succeed: in these days of free exchange markets, whenever a currency weakens, speculators sell it and buy Swiss francs or deutsche marks. So Germany will probably keep on struggling with the paradox of a money so strong that it threatens to weaken the economy.

AUTOS

Mercedes' Buy-Back

Mercedes after Mercedes! After Mercedes. One might expect to see them at the Beverly Hills Hotel, or perhaps a drive-in movie in Kuwait—but at a factory's employee parking lot? Ah, but the factory belongs to the German automaker Daimler-Benz, whose employees may buy the company's prestigious product at a 21.5% discount. Last year Daimler-Benz's 129,000 workers snapped up 40,000 Mercedes, or 11.4% of total output. After one year, employees are free to resell their cars on the open market. These days they often get 10% more than they paid—and then turn around and buy another. Workers with ten years' seniority do not even have to wait for their new models.

Other customers do. Waiting time for a new Mercedes-Benz ranges from five months to 14 (for the relatively plebeian-priced \$6,738 diesel 200 model), and would-be buyers who are not employees are getting annoyed. So Daimler-Benz has made an odd request: that employees sell their year-old models not to the highest bidder but to Mercedes dealers, who will recondition the cars and sell them. "We are appealing to our employees' sense of responsibility," says a company spokesman. "We point out that they will be helping to ensure the company's future if they take a few hundred marks less." The company has not denied rumors that it might tighten up the rules of the employee-purchase fringe benefit if its plea is not heeded.

SHIPMENT OF IMPORTED CORK BEING UNLOADED AT HAMBURG DOCK





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The 1976 Volkswagen wagon has all the space of a van (176 cubic feet in all).

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(Comfortable seating for seven.)

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dard transmission in the 1976 EPA test.

(The mileage you get can vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment and the condition of your car.)

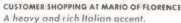
So why look any further when you can get two cars for the price of one.



THE 1976 VOLKSWAGEN WAGON

berta di Camerino's place, which specializes in sportswear and \$200 velvet handbags, has the piny *élan* of a ski shop at Cortina d'Ampezzo. Bookseller Angelo Rizzoli (who sells magazines, newspapers and records in many languages, as well as lithographs that range in price from \$85 to \$9,000) spent \$2 million fitting out his shop with Vicenza marble floors, solid walnut balustrades and Renaissance chandeliers. "This place is like a gentleman's private library," says Rizzoli Manager Robert Surree.

Geenteel Privacy. Indeed, genteel privacy is the uncommon denominator of most of the Italian entrepreneurs. Bulgari, a jewelry shop that strives to make Tiffany look like a Woolworth counter by comparison, is buried so deep in the Pierre Hotel that no Fifth Avenue window shopper would know it exists. Ferragamo, a shoe salon, is set back from the avenue and not easily spotted by the unknowledgeable. "Most of our customers are celebrities," says Piero Neri, general manager of Ferragamo. "We seldom see anyone else." Silversmith Ugo Buccellati is happiest when his sales force entertains only two customers a day. Gucci, which has two boutiques on the same block, spurns lunch-hour shoppers by simply closing for lunch—an



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Striving to be the most exclusive.

Italian tradition that Manager Antonio Cagliarini explains is "good for the employees and for our type of business. Our regular customers know we're closed, and that's it, finito."

Except for Ginori, which is listed on the Rome stock exchange, the avenue's Italian stores are all privately owned family enterprises. Some, like the proliferous Valentino—who operates nearly 80 retail outlets round the world—have been forced to franchise a number of their shops, but keep a firm hand on their agents. Buccellati and Bulgari are brother acts: one brother minds the store in New York while the others produce the jewels back home Salvatore Ferragamo, who got his start making shoes for Silent Screen Stars Mary Pickford and Pola Negri, left his business to his widow, six children and a nephew. Mario di Florence lives in Manhattan and commutes to his factory in Florence. "I think I'm Alitalia's best customer," says Giuliana di Camerino, who lives in Venice and commutes to New York.

There are cynics who explain the Italian invasion as less of an onslaught than a mass escape from chaos at home. "Some of the families, they're running away from Italy while they can still get out," says Ginori Director Franz M. Aliquo. But most of the shopkeepers admit to a more direct motivation. "New York is the most important showcase in the world," says Gucci's Cagliarini. Aliquo of Ginori says: "We decided to come because of the prestige, just to say we had a branch on Fifth Avenue." Angelo Rizzoli just wanted a bookshop on Fifth Avenue," says Robert Supree. "With his dough Ian Italian publishing empire with \$500 million annual sales, he couldn't care less if he makes money."

Secret Profits. As it happens, Rizzoli does make money, and so do the other Italians on the avenue—or so they claim. Profits are kept secret, but yearly sales range from \$500,000 to close to \$5 million apiece, and even the most recent arrivals, such as Valentino and Carraro, both of whom opened last year, claim they are already breaking even.

The Italians also believe they are do-

MODERN LIVING

ing their bit to improve the quality of American life. Ginori is trying hard to help civilize U.S. bathrooms—by pushing its line of bidets. Ferragamo shoes last so long they should be sold with a 50,000-mile warranty. Rizzoli offers browsers the latest bestsellers from Paris and Rome (not to mention *Astérix*, the whimsical French comic-book series, translated into Italian). The Italians also believe they have upgraded the avenue itself. "Two or three years ago, Fifth Avenue was in danger of being taken over by the banks and airline offices," says Gina di Martini of Di Camerino. "It was saved by the bold Italians." The Fifth Avenue Association, which represents all the avenue's fashionable merchants, agrees. It declared a special Italian Week last month, complete with flags, window displays and a proclamation by Mayor Abraham Beame.

Not all their customers are as enthusiastic. Prices are generally high. Italian factory workers, like their U.S. counterparts, occasionally produce shoddy merchandise. Some of the salespeople—particularly at Gucci—have been accused of arrogance in their treatment of shoppers. But the clients can also be fickle. "We have had to stop making shoes to order," says Ferragamo's Nuti. "We got stuck with too many purple shoes with gold tassels that people decided they didn't want after all."

Dolce Vita. Despite such problems, many of the Fifth Avenue Italians have found the vita so dolce that they are expanding to other North American cities. Gucci has long been established in Palm Beach, Chicago and Beverly Hills. Rizzoli plans to open ten stores in the next five years, starting in Chicago's Water Tower Place next month. Di Camerino opened in Dallas last October and immediately seized on the Texas style. It bought an antique Rolls-Royce to chauffeur clients to and from the airport.

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The \$390,000 Man

It is well after the late news and deep into the monster-movie hours, the time when TV punishes insomniacs with ads for truck drivers' academies and once-in-a-lifetime offers—"Send \$6.98 for records, \$8.98 for eight-track tapes"—for *Tchaikovsky's Greatest Hits* and the *Best of Connie Francis*. Suddenly, a smoothly handsome, oddly familiar-looking young crooner appears on a softly back-lighted stage. While he pumps a microphone and purrs out a ballad, viewers begin to wonder: Como's kid brother maybe? An Italian Goulet? Then on comes the voice-over, hailing the "mood rock" sound of that nationwide heartthrob, Peter Lemongello.

Peter who? Lemongello, 29, is a bland-voiced but relentlessly enterprising tenor from Islip, Long Island. For years he struggled to build a career—through such gimmicks as sending out little boxes of lemon Jell-O to deejays and record-company executives to remind them, should the occasion arise, how to pronounce his name. Now Lemongello and some home-town backers have forcefully raised the momentous question: Can an independent singer hit the big time by marketing himself like so much, well, Jell-O?

In 1974 Lemongello decided that his eight-year struggle to become a nationwide singing idol was hopeless. Too bad, because he certainly looked the part, with his long brown Prince Valiant locks, rosebud lips and gray-green almond-shaped eyes. He had also had all the prescribed early breaks. He had been "discovered" on the *Tonight Show* four times, sung with Don Rickles in Reno and Vegas, played the Copa, Jimmy's and the Rainbow Room in Manhattan, signed a \$7,500 contract with Epic Records and toured the top spas on the Borscht Belt.

Selling Eggs. But it all turned sour *Tonight* said "Enough." Rickles replaced him with Vic Damone. His record contract, after studio and musician costs were paid, netted him \$180 and produced one single that tested well in Omaha but died in Atlanta—after which Epic dropped him too. Even in the Catskills, audiences played mah-jongg while he sang them love ballads, and they clacked their tiles on the table to show their bored approval. He quit, he says, "in disgust and revulsion."

But while he was bombing in show

business, Lemongello was succeeding in a lot of other fields. In Islip, he turned an egg-selling job into a distributorship, using the profits to invest in some gas stations, which he then swapped for a chain of coin-operated laundries. He was moving into land speculation and home building when he told the local Islip banker who was financing his housing deals about his moribund career as a crooner. The banker gave him an idea. If he could sell eggs and laundries and houses, why not himself?

Lemongello and his banker chum formed a corporation and invested \$32,000 in a one-shot showcase performance at the Westbury Music Fair, a theater near Islip, aimed at attracting other partners. They found six, among them



LEMONGELLO REHEARSING FOR CONCERT
The slow-release strategy.

the owner of a Long Island Midas Muffler franchise and an Islip doctor. The six put up \$390,000, and Lemongello worked out a plan to hit the New York metropolitan-area market, as he puts it, "like a slow-release time bomb." He cut a two-record album. *Love 76*, then in January activated his bomb a 13-week, \$187,000 campaign jamming all six New York City TV channels with 70 to 100 commercials a week.

They worked. Lemongello fans were born. One Brooklyn girl started staying up until 4:30 a.m. just to see his one-minute ad on TV. Another kissed the tube whenever he appeared. He booked a concert at Manhattan's Lincoln Center,

and it sold out. Westbury asked him back for a one-week gig for \$100,000. *Love 76* has sold 43,000 copies, through mail orders drawn by the TV spots. Lemongello was becoming a household word of sorts—at least in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. But, as he ruefully admitted, "if you mentioned my name in Philadelphia, no one would know me." He realized that unless he could get a recording contract, his instant success would evaporate.

Chance to Buy. So last month Lemongello took his pitch to Los Angeles and Las Vegas with a \$210,000 TV-commercial campaign. If that did not bring the record companies to their knees, promised Lemongello's banker friend, it would be on to Chicago and Texas and Florida: "We'll take him to eight or twelve cities, if necessary, to give people a chance to buy our product."

Last week Private Stock, a scrambling, young recording company that handles Frankie Valli, Jose Feliciano and the Troggs, signed on Lemongello. His backers in Long Island—not to mention viewers in Chicago, Texas and Florida—can relax for a while.

Love's Labour

The British Broadcasting Corp. last week announced the most ambitious TV series ever planned: it will film, over the next six years, all of William Shakespeare's 37 plays, specifically staged for the small screen, a massive project that will cost \$3.6 million and yield some 70 hours of programming. The BBC aims to produce six plays annually, with the first scheduled to start shooting in about 18 months. Although no stars have as yet been signed, Lord Olivier and Sir John Gielgud, among other Shakespearean actors, are on the BBC's shopping list.

The BBC, a semipublic corporation that derives most of its revenues from viewer license fees, is looking for a production partner to help finance the series. In Britain, the BBC provides a complete range of TV programming—news, sports, music, religion, commentary and light entertainment. But the BBC shows that have found their way to the U.S. and turned a tidy profit for the corporation have been mainly polished dramas and documentaries, such as *The Forsythe Saga*, *Elizabeth R* with Glenda Jackson, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, Jacob Bronowski's *The Ascent of Man* and Alistair Cooke's *America*. The Shakespeare series, says BBC Programming Director Alasdair Milne, with no understatement at all, "is a vast project, the biggest we have ever undertaken, and a tremendously exciting one. We think it ought to be done, and we think we are the only TV organization in the world that can do it."

On the Right Track

Indy's Gasoline Alley, the row of machine shops that line the famed old oval, roared last week with the sound of 900-h.p. engines being pushed to their limit and hustled with mechanized frenzy, profanity and machismo as next Sunday's 500-mile race drew nearer. The Alley is the ultimate in that American male sanctuary, the local garage. TIME's Barrett Seaman reports how a woman was faring there last week.

The instant she saw the faces of the four veteran United States Auto Club drivers who had judged her in the U.S.A.C. 20-lap "rookie test" last Monday afternoon, Janet Guthrie feared the worst. Solemn, with eyes that avoided hers, Gary Bettenhausen, Al Loquasto Jr., Tom Bigelow and Graham McCrae offered their critiques: "shaky," "afraid to go to the wall," "frightened." Then Bettenhausen could contain himself no longer and began to laugh.

"You s.o.b.s!" blurted Guthrie. 38, the first female to break into the super-macho world of Indy-car racing. The fact is, Guthrie had passed the Indianapolis 500's rookie test with honors. "The smoothest rookie I've ever seen,"

proclaimed Bigelow. Added Loquasto: "Definitely a heads-up driver."

This interim triumph in the face of agonizing pressure was one of precious few highlights in Janet Guthrie's two-week introduction to Indy. From the first day, when American Airlines lost her luggage—driver's suit, crash helmet and all—it had been an uphill battle.

Endlessly the butt of off-color jokes, harassed constantly by reporters, both legitimate and bogus, and jeered by frequently unsympathetic crowds at every stall or slip, Guthrie had persevered. So thick were the throngs outside her garage in Gasoline Alley that race cars were unable to get through to the track. Accused of entering just as a publicity stunt, mislabeled caustically as a women's libber and once even asked outright if she was a lesbian, Guthrie calmly disclaimed all, except to say: "I'm a driver, period."

Impressive Wins. Her problems were not new ones. In Turin, the world's best woman race driver, Italy's Lella Lombardi, 33, who competes on the Grand Prix circuit, recalled last week that "only in the United States have I recently encountered real prejudice. Why do American men say, 'No, you're out of it because you're a woman.' So many

American race drivers behave like male chauvinists instead of men who practice asport."

The daughter of an Eastern Air Lines pilot, Guthrie grew up in Miami, Fla., in a world of combustion engines, went on to log over 400 hours as a pilot herself, and has been driving fast cars since 1963. Single, a resident of New York City and a physicist, she was one of four women considered for astronaut status by NASA in 1965. She has competed in more than 120 recognized auto races; her most impressive wins were in the "Under 2 Liter Prototype" class at Sebring, Fla., in 1970 and in the "B Sedan" class in the 1973 North Atlantic Road Racing Championship.

Her performances were far from enough to impress diehard traditionalists like 1975 Indy Winner Bobby Unser. (By his own ordination, Unser is the chief chauvinist in Indianapolis this year; on his garage is a sign that reads MALL CHAUVINIST PIGS NEED LOVE TOO.) But her credentials were good enough to make independent Car Designer

and Builder Rolla Vollstedt think that he had found what he wanted: a woman driver to add to his team, which is headed by Veteran Dick Simon.

"Rolla asked me to watch her in a race at Ontario speedway in California last year," said Simon. The verdict Simon returned with: "You'd be stupid if you didn't sign her up."

It was not until this January that Bryant Heating & Cooling, the team's corporate sponsor, felt it could afford a second driver. Since then, the road has been rough, even when Janet has had the chance to get out onto it. The Vollstedt team, lacking the big backing enjoyed by teams sponsored by giant oil and tire firms, has moved forward in fits and starts. The worst worry: continual mechanical problems in Guthrie's Vollstedt-designed car.

Last Thursday, as time and chances to qualify for one of the ten remaining openings in the 33-car field closed in on her, Guthrie huddled despondently on a workbench in the back of her garage, looking haggard, while teammates lowered the fourth new engine in two weeks into her balky No. 27 Burned-out pistons were a consistent problem, but even when running smoothly the car was no blue streak, failing to get within reach of the 180-m.p.h. speed probably necessary for qualification. With her best lap going into the last day of qualification a low 173.611, Guthrie had a lot of m.p.h.s to pick up before making the 500's starting field. Curiosity seekers, badgering journalists and sexist detractors all considered, what bothered Guthrie most was getting the car up to speed. "The rest," she said glumly, "you can roll with."

Bigtime Racing. Guthrie's role in this year's 500 would not be determined until the last of the qualifying runs were made. But make it or not, "The Girl," as she is regularly called, has paid her dues in big-time racing. As for the adversity? "I think it actually is helping her," said Indy's chief steward Tom Binford. "If she'd come out here in some slick car and zipped around, people would've said, 'Well, hell, anybody can do it with that car.'" Said another Indy official privately: "She hasn't got a chance in that car. In another car, she'd finish the race."

But Gasoline Alley is still full of those who say the 5-ft. 9-in., 135-lb. Guthrie will never make a showing in any car, because first, she is a woman, and, second, she doesn't have the physical strength to finish a race, the rigors of which sometimes cause drivers to lose 10 lbs. "That's a bunch of malarkey," says Teammate Dick Simon. "Anybody who's been around here long knows it's the mental strength that counts." Janet Guthrie has displayed plenty of that.



JANET GUTHRIE SAVORS HER FIRST RUN AT INDY. Refort to chauvinists: "I'm a driver, period."

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Doing Violence to Sport

The knuckleball comedy *The Bad News Bears* does not play all its scenes for laughs. In one gritty confrontation, a coach stomps out to the mound and strikes a twelve-year-old to the ground. The moment seems pure fake-believe; in fact it is a Little League echo of Major propensities. Since the start of this year's baseball season, aggression has been the order of the day.

Last week New York Yankee Lou Piniella slid into Boston Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk with enough force to trigger a wild on-field brawl—and bloody fights in the stands. One result: Pitcher Bill Lee was so severely hurt that he may be out for the rest of the season. At an Atlanta Braves-Houston Astros game, a controversial first-base call brought the entire Braves bench storming onto the field. The men in blue were forced to leave the stadium with other men in blue—a police escort. In perhaps the ugliest confrontation of this strange young season, Cardinal Pitcher Lynn McGlothen readily forgave himself after hitting two New York Met batters. Proclaimed McGlothen: "If a pitcher feels he has been intimidated by a hitter, he has the right to throw at him."

The same sort of "right" is being exercised in basketball. Boston Celtic Coach Tom Heinsohn rushed onto the court recently in an effort to attack an opposing player. During the N.B.A. play-offs between the Phoenix Suns and Golden State Warriors, Ricky Sobers and Rick Barry momentarily gave up basketball for boxing. Last month hockey suffered a serious disgrace when four Philadelphia Flyer players were arraigned in Toronto on charges of assault

and carrying "dangerous weapons"—hockey sticks—during games that resulted in blood on the ice, disorder in the stands and players in the infirmary. Similar Flyer scrimmages have elicited McGlothen-like statements from the opposition of that fight-prone team: "I never have trouble getting up for games against Philadelphia," says Montreal Canadian Defenseman Larry Robinson. "When you play the Flyers, there are more opportunities to hit people."

Perusing these declarations, gazing at these confrontations, the spectator has every right to conclude that anarchy has been loosed in the world of sport, that the center cannot hold—nor can the guard, the forward, the pitcher or the referee. Naked aggression seems on the surface to underline the statement of Political Scientist James Q. Wilson: "People actually get hurt in televised sports programs, and the hurt cannot even be justified by a higher cause. By some standards, it is the most shocking form of violence, done merely for sport or fun."

Is sport becoming a series of organized assaults? Is the new violence an indicator of a lawless epoch, a broken mirror-image of the country at large? The conclusions are not as obvious as they seem. Professional sport is in fact no more violent than it used to be. The beanball has been with us since baseball began. Back in 1920, Cleveland Indian Ray Chapman was killed by Yankee Carl Mays' fastball. Twenty years ago Giant Pitcher Sal Maglie was given the sobriquet "the Barber" because of the close shaves his fastball gave the faces of

BOSTON RED SOX V. NEW YORK YANKEES LAST THURSDAY NIGHT



TIME ESSAY



RED SOX' BILL LEE WINCING IN PAIN
The center cannot hold.

hitters. Don Drysdale, a Dodger star of the '60s, was famed as a fastbailing headhunter. Basketball, theoretically a non-contact sport and one pleasantly peopled with college types, long had its "hit" men, players like Boston's Jungle Jim Loscutt, whose primary role was to intimidate opponents.

Even the eruptions of hockey can be misperceived. Says New York Islander Official Hawley Chester: "Hockey is actually not as tough as it used to be years ago when there were only six professional teams. The competition was very tough." Then why does the sport seem so bloody? "There's more coverage of isolated incidents. Television and the press have accentuated the violence."

Chester's rationale cannot be dismissed as mere puck passing. Only 22,000 saw the Chapman tragedy; today a man kicking dirt on the shoes of an umpire is seen by millions of viewers. University of California Sociologist Harry Edwards, a former college track star, finds that "the violence in sport is magnified by television. The fan can identify with violence in terms of what he would like to do with the forces he cannot control." And in a recent paper in the medical journal *Pediatrics*, three physicians reported an "Evel Knievel syndrome"—imitation of exhibitionism in sport. "Televised violence," explains the paper, "especially during sporting events and news reporting, is increasingly implicated in imitative and aggressive behavior exhibited by children."

Those children have had plenty of opportunities to view crunches from


closeup angles. Replaying highlights of games that viewers had not seen. ABC Monday Night Baseball showed at length the on-field fracas of the Chicago Cubs-San Francisco Giants game nine days after it occurred. Football cheap shots and beanball brawls, hockey fist-fights and basketball square-offs—exercises of passion that transgress the rules—are a minor part of any sports event. Yet they are given long and detailed attention, instant and incessant replay.

Therein lie the true hazards of contemporary athletic violence. The debunking of the athlete-as-hero is hardly new. Such disaffected jocks as Dave Meggysy and Jim Bouton have uncovered more clay feet than there are statues. The facile comparison of football and the Viet Nam War was one of the shibboleths of the '60s. Even the littlest leaguers know that professional sport is hard, fast and punishing. But now there is something more than imagery at stake: a danger that the whole perception of games is being altered.

In his classic study of man at play, *Homo Ludens*, Historian Johan Huizinga described it as "a free activity standing quite consciously outside 'ordinary life,' animated by 'the impulse to create orderly form.' Once the idea of order goes, so goes the game itself—and its fans. A report commissioned by the Ontario provincial government on hockey violence in Canada concluded: "When the evidence strongly indicates that there is a conscious effort to sell the violence in hockey to enrich a small group of show business entrepreneurs at the expense of a great sport (not to mention the corruption of an entire generation's concept of sport) then one's concern grows to outrage."

The outrage is well placed. Few fans weep for the professional athlete, even when he is hospitalized. He is young, heavily muscled and even more heavily compensated. A six-figure income does much to assuage pain and indignity. The essential concern is with that "entire generation's concept of sport." A fan, an owner or a player who comes to believe a pitcher has the right to injure a batter may as well believe that Bobby Fischer has a right to kick over the chessboard when he is threatened, or that order itself is an outmoded idea. When moral rules are bent, more than sport is mangled. In the end, it is not the players who are cheapened and injured, nor even the event itself. It is the children and adults who watch and then repeat what they see on the playground and in the stands—and perhaps in their lives. *The Bad News Bears* is not yet a sports documentary. But what if it becomes one? Would any title be more fitting than that of another movie: *End of the Game*?

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Modified, Limited Hangout

THE COMPANY

by JOHN EHRLICHMAN

313 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$8.95.

"Let us begin by committing ourselves to the truth—to see it like it is, and tell it like it is—to find the truth, to speak the truth, and to live the truth."

—Richard Nixon, accepting the GOP presidential nomination in 1968

As nearly everyone in the US knows, John Ehrlichman was one of President Nixon's chief aides. Since Watergate he has avoided jail (without benefit of pardon), settled in New Mexico.

JOHN EHRLICHMAN IN SANTA FE



and is still appealing convictions on charges that range from two counts of perjury to conspiracy to obstruct justice.

He has also written this novel. And why not? Even in the old days, Ehrlichman had a way with words. It was he, for instance, who came up with the phrase "modified, limited hangout," a memorable locution, which in practice was roughly translatable as "admit as little truth as possible and try to put the whole blame on John Mitchell." So successful were the President's men at concealing truth that despite all the reports, books and films since Watergate, Ehrlichman's novel is sure to be grasped by his still frustrated countrymen in hopes of gathering a few more shards of information about the political hecatomb that was the Nixon White House.

On that account prospective buyers of *The Company* should beware. A Washington *roman à clef* it is, a full-scale Watergate book it is not. Ehrlichman is clearly using fiction as an extension of politics by other means, but his novel ends with word that a member of the White House staff has just been caught breaking into the headquarters of a Democratic candidate. *The Company*, in fact, bears the same relation to the final drama of Watergate that successive Shakespearean history plays bear to one another. There is some overlap. Dark deeds and blood feuds of the past rise up to haunt or thwart the heir apparent, whether he be Richard III of York, or Richard I of Whittier, Calif.

Pluperfect Egomania. The Company of the title, naturally, is the CIA, a political genie that Congress is even now trying to stuff back into some sort of legislative bottle. As the book develops, dynastic rivalries between Presidents and parties are less fierce than continuing an almost mortal combat between the White House and the CIA. The dark deed that makes the plot boil, in fact, is a political murder, secretly ordered by Democratic President William Arthur Curry and carried out by the CIA on a Latin American beachhead (here called Rio de Muerte) easily identifiable as the Bay of Pigs.

President Curry, described as a rich man's son, a Yaleman and a "handsome weakling," dies before completing his term. His Democratic successor makes William Martin, the CIA agent who saw to the murder, boss of The Company. Why? Because the new President is aware of the secret order and of Martin's guilt. Armed with that knowledge, he tries to indulge in a little friendly blackmail to get CIA files for use in the next election. This President, Esker Scott Anderson, is portrayed as a vast, salty-tongued, womanizing hick and a "pluperfect egomania" who dotes on the appointments of the presidential plane. (Even the candy wrappers

aboard, Ehrlichman writes, come emblazoned with the words Air Force One.)

Ehrlichman, alas, serves up a mini-biography as each minor character appears ("His age was hard to peg," etc.). He is afflicted by compulsive total recall of menus (at CIA headquarters dessert is austere "melon and cookies"); the G Street Club offers "a perfect, soft Brie." But his prose, often better than serviceable, is sometimes very cutting indeed. (The political career of a Democratic Vice President is summed up as "a lackluster, snail creep to seniority.") By the time the reader gets to President No. 3, Richard Monckton, he is meant to accept Ehrlichman's jungle view of life in the nation's capital. US Presidents generally, one is encouraged to assume, should be placed only a few points to the right of pit vipers on the lovability scale. In such a context, Richard Monckton's somber and tormented meanness, his attempts to subvert the FBI and the CIA and demolish all political enemies seem par for the presidential curse—and almost human.

A *roman à clef* was once a cosy affair. But one touch of TV makes the whole world kin. Readers will have no difficulty in making out the shaggy outlines of Presidents J.F.K., L.B.J., R.M.N., not to mention Henry Kissinger (Carl Tessler in the book), J. Edgar Hoover (Elmer Morse) and others, including, eventually, E. Howard Hunt (Lars Haglund), who (yes, indeed) is planted on President Monckton by the CIA.

Part of the admittedly partisan fun here is observing just how harsh a fictional portrait of his old boss Ehrlichman permits himself. Ehrlichman's Monckton is capable of deep concentration but prey to near collapse from sporadic bouts of depression and drink. He regularly invokes national security as a cover for dirty politics and runs on about "those fags at State." Once in office he sets the plumbers in motion.

Damp Handshake. He campaigns with an awkward, mechanical passion. "Monckton never thought of handshaking as a personal contact with the electors," Ehrlichman writes. "He was doing all that crap on autopilot." At one point the politically smiling candidate escapes from a crowd at the Waldorf by retreating to an elevator filled with his own staff. Once inside, "his face changed as though he had suddenly broken out of a trance; his smile collapsed, his eyes darkened as if a light had been extinguished."

So familiar is some of the portraiture that the intrigued reader finds himself wondering which physical details Ehrlichman has changed to keep his fictional license legal. Did this leader of the free world, as he writes, often emerge from the lavatory to greet foreign dig-

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nitaries with a slightly damp hand-shake? Nixon, like Monckton, scorned hat and gloves. Was it really to preserve a macho image or to copy John F. Kennedy? And what of Carl Tessler, guttural-voiced escapee from Vienna and Harvard who serves as Monckton's foreign policy expert and chief of the National Security Council? As NSC chief, Kissinger had an influence over the President that Ehrlichman resented. In *The Company* Tessler is described as an egotistical coward whose mouth was "small, almost cherubic," with "fat cheeks and three layers of chins," and "yellowing teeth." On his hands "all the fingernails had been torn away again and again by his teeth... the middle knuckles of his third fingers were red from constant, nervous chewing."

Ehrlichman has been widely reported as being nearly \$500,000 in debt to his lawyers, a plight with which many Americans can sympathize. The tendency these days is to assume that it does not matter what kind of book you write for money. Yet *The Company*, for all its diverting tidbits, should not be accepted (or dismissed) as good, dirty fun. In it, using a mask of fiction, the author continues with great tenacity and skill a campaign begun by the White House to vilify past Presidents and, indeed, American political institutions, so that Richard Nixon's behavior would seem less reprehensible by contrast. With that in view, Nixon tried to declassify material to blacken Kennedy and Johnson. With that in view, one recalls E. Howard Hunt (Lars Haglund) once forged a cable linking Kennedy personally to the political murder of Viet Nam President Ngo Dinh Diem. How much more convenient to revive a similar charge in fiction, transferring it to Rio de Muerte—and to imply that through a tortuous trail of Democratic cover-up and CIA blackmail, the road came back to Watergate.

Timothy Foote

Learning the Three Es

THE POVERTY OF POWER

by BARRY COMMONER

314 pages, Knopf, \$10.

This book attempts the impossible—but then again, that is the author's trademark. It was Microbiologist Commoner who most convincingly alerted Americans to the environmental crisis (TIME cover, Feb. 2, 1970). It was also Commoner who first suggested—in his 1971 bestseller *The Closing Circle*—that U.S. industry be restructured to conform to ecology's unbending laws. Specifically, he recommended that polluting products (detergents, for example, or synthetic textiles) be replaced by good old natural ones (soap, or cotton and wool). Just how to accomplish such a major switch in industrial direction Commoner did not say and of course not much of what he hoped for came about. Now "Kissinger chews his nails, but not his knuckles."

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MICROBIOLOGIST BARRY COMMONER
Better as gadfly than economist.

he is trying to close the circle in a different way. *The Poverty of Power* is a closely reasoned, adult primer on energy, examined in relation to several laws of science and economics. First are the laws of thermodynamics, which he uses to prove that fully 85% of the work potential in the nation's oil, coal and uranium is wasted. Commoner shows how the environment is harmed by the industries that use the most energy—petrochemicals, transportation, agriculture. Finally, the economy is affected too. Because the nation's fuels are irreplaceable resources, the energy industries have naturally used the most accessible reserves first. Now, says Commoner, the law of diminishing returns must take effect: the costs of getting the same fuels necessarily have to mount. The rising cost of energy, in turn, helps to cause the inflation that has been ravaging Western economies.

Ironically, Commoner continues, if the nation really wanted to solve energy problems, it could. One way would be to match energy-demanding tasks to resources. Using fast electrified trains for journeys up to 500 miles should be encouraged, for example, because they use energy efficiently. But burning coal or oil in a power plant to heat homes electrically should be discouraged because 97% of the energy is wasted. Indeed, all heating and cooling of U.S. buildings should be done with solar energy, which is virtually limitless and thus, at least in the long run, cheap.

So far, so good—even if Commoner does not spell out how the nation should go about financing such changes. But then he moves to a more demanding and shakier argument. All U.S. industry, he says, is caught in a trap. It

keeps looking to new technologies to boost output and has to pay immense amounts of money for new machines. Since the money cannot come from internal profits—which Commoner, at least, claims have dropped sharply—it has to come from banks and other investors who are already pinched for capital. Moreover, the new processes tend to use less human labor, spurring unemployment. "Energy links the two effects," says Commoner, concluding that energy problems are a major cause of shortages of both capital and jobs.

This bald summary scants Commoner's enviable skill at explaining complicated technical issues in lucid and lively terms. The reader rides as easily on Commoner's prose as on one of his favorite electric trains. Then, suddenly, the author's destination looms up. He blames America's energy, environmental and economic troubles squarely on the baneful evolution of the once effective capitalistic system because it aims to emphasize "private profit rather than social value." The solution, "at least in principle," Commoner insists, is some form of socialism.

This solution appears only in the last seven pages of the book. It is presented, not argued. Commoner obviously feels that his economic conclusion inevitably flows from his previous demonstrations that present ways of using energy do not work and cannot be changed enough within the system.

Well, it is not quite so simple as that. No matter where socialism has been tried, it has not yet solved the interlocking problems of the three Es—energy, environment and economy. Capitalism surely is capable of taking more benign forms. Beyond that, many of Commoner's "facts" are dubious. Capital does not seem to be unavailable and corporate profits, while they have not kept up with inflation, show little sign of drying up either. In other words, the author's logic is far less airtight than it seems. Commoner is a much better gadfly than economist.

Philip Herrera

The Beaten Track

HIGH STAKES

by DICK FRANCIS

201 pages. Harper & Row. \$7.95.

Ross Macdonald has his Southern California, Simonon his Paris. In much the same way, and with comparable surety, Author Dick Francis, 55, has made the turf his own. An ex-jockey and veteran of 2,300 steeplechases, Francis has produced a string of suspense novels (*Blood Sport*, *Odds Against*) set in the alternately grand and seedy world of British racing—where society's highest and lowest commingle and it is sometimes hard to tell which is which.

High Stakes, the author's 16th book, is built out of elements by now familiar to Francis addicts—and evidently none



EX-JOCKEY DICK FRANCIS
Villains of inexhaustible malignity.

the less gripping for wear. This novel offers a soft-spoken, faintly eccentric hero and two villains of inexhaustible malignity. The love interest is a well-manicured miss of the type that used to be brought home to mother. There is a large supporting cast of horses.

Horseshoe Hard. Steven Scott, 35, is a wealthy inventor of children's toys who has casually put some of his profits into racing. He discovers that Jody Leeds, his trainer, and bookmaker Ganser Mays have bilked him out of £35,000. Unfortunately, Scott cannot prove to anyone's satisfaction but his own that his horses always lose when he places the largest bets on them, and Leeds threatens to sue for slander if this accusation is ever breathed aloud.

In trying to foil and unmask the scheming bookie and trainer, Scott is convincingly roughed up and nearly loses both his Lamborghini and his life. And he pulls off an elaborately improbable shell game involving not two but three nearly identical black horses.

As is his custom, the author throws in some technical arcania from a field unrelated to racing—in this case, the design and tooling of toys. If Scott's marvelously complex and intriguing inventions for children do not exist, they ought to. The customary Francis love scene is oddly old-fashioned and straightforwardly sentimental, but about his own chief love the man is hard as a horseshoe. "It's no good expecting fairy-tale endings, in racing," he writes as *High Stakes* crosses the finish. Maybe not. But there are those who expect the annual Dick Francis entry as eagerly as they await the Grand National or the call to the post at Churchill Downs.

Paul Gray

1600: Anatomy of a Turkey

By every billing it was the musical that could not miss. At the top of the credit lines for *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue* were two of the arts' most potent names: Lyricist Alan Jay Lerner of *My Fair Lady* and *Camelot* fame and *West Side Story* Composer Leonard Bernstein. The show, about the lives and times of 13 early Presidents, was a Bicentennial natural, and the Coca-Cola Co. eagerly footed the \$1.2 million cost of bringing a 45-member cast and a 30-piece orchestra together for five weeks of rehearsals in New York and tryouts in Philadelphia and Washington. But when it finally reached Broadway's Mark Hellinger Theater, the critics found its view of American history "bleak and patronizing" and its humor "typified by such lines as Dolly Madison saying 'I must go feed my parrot, his language is becoming scandalous'—unbearably flat. While some found Bernstein's score strong, rich and melodic, others said it was "self-derivative" and unable to rescue "a bum idea that has arrived in confusion."

So *1600* closed after seven performances (TIME, May 17), probably the most costly flop—in terms of tarnished reputations as well as money—in White Way history. What went wrong?

Lerner's original idea, on which the entire show turned, was an incredibly complex white-black *Upstairs, Downstairs*, a slice of a century of White House life expressed as a play within a play. Last week the survivors of the disaster were wondering what went right. Given the magic of the names involved, Coca-Cola and most of the *1600* actors bought the project on blind faith. Versatile Lead Ken Howard, who played all 13 Presidents, took the job without having seen a line of Lerner's book. British Actress Patricia Routledge, who played all the First Ladies, had heard only one song and Director Frank Corsaro (*A Hatful of Rain*, *The Night of the Iguana*) started rehearsals without even a finished second act. "That was," he says now, "a very dangerous situation. I would not have permitted this with any other playwrights."

Idea in Rehearsal. At Coca-Cola, which signed on as a backer because Chairman J. Paul Austin, a chum of Lerner's at Harvard in the late 1930s, had been looking for "something meaningful" as a Bicentennial project.

In retrospect, most of its principals seem to agree. *1600* was probably doomed as early as 1972. That was when Lerner, depressed by the Nixon landslide, decided to write a musical comedy about "the first 100 years of the White House and other attempts to take it away from us." The action would re-

volve around 13 Presidents, their wives and their black servants. The play within a play would involve performers dropping in and out of character to discuss acting problems along with the problems faced by the various Presidents—Lerner's way of conveying his notion of American democracy as an idea that is still in rehearsal.

Lerner sent an outline of his idea to Bernstein. Their only previous collaboration, in 1957, had been on a new Harvard hymn, but Bernstein agreed to write the *1600* score. After five weeks of rehearsal in New York, the show opened in Philadelphia to devastating reviews and the play doctoring began immediately. Jerome Robbins and Mike Nichols traveled to Philadelphia and quickly fled. Director Corsaro left "by mutual agreement" with the company. Bernstein reportedly wanted to deal himself out too, but was persuaded to stay.

Eternal Optimist. By the time *1600* reached its next road stop, Washington, Producers Roger L. Stevens and Robert Whitehead signed a new director-choreographer team: Gilbert Moses, 33, and George Faison, 30, both black activists who had worked together on the hit black musical *The Wiz*.

"When I came in," Moses told TIME's Edward Tivnan, "my feeling was that Lerner and Bernstein had three years or so to bring out their product. The result was Philadelphia. I had no sympathy for what didn't work. Whatever I thought was too long, too laborious, too repetitive, not theatrical enough, I cut." Lerner, Bernstein and even the producers were barred from some rehearsals. Moses complained about "superficiality" in the book; Lerner, having

begun the project in outrage over Nixon Administration excesses, found himself holed up in the Watergate Hotel rewriting far into the night.

Whole songs and chunks of dialogue disappeared and new material had to be learned. Sets and costumes changed. "It was Dunkerque," recalls Routledge. "I never knew how I would get to the end of the show. Sometimes I didn't know which way I was facing." Adds Howard: "I couldn't sleep or eat. I found it hard to

WIZARDS MOSES AND FAISON



LERNER AND BERNSTEIN AT FIRST REHEARSAL OF 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE





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SHOW BUSINESS

focus my mind on what I was doing on-stage. I became a zombie, an automaton." But, says Howard, the endless changes that were made in the show were only "like rearranging the deck chairs on the *Titanic*."

Lerner was the "eternal optimist," says 1600's arranger, Sid Ramin. "He thought the problems were solvable—if he only had a few more days." Moses wanted to take the show to Los Angeles, confident that "clarification would have come out of another three weeks" of work. But with expenses totaling \$100,000 a week, the producers decided to face Armageddon in New York.

Although the coming disaster was clear to all, it still astonishes the survivors. Says Ramin: "We would attend these meetings with Lenny and Lerner in the same room. It was marvelous to see these minds meet, so brilliant. We'd leave thinking that everything was fabulous." There were many versions of why all efforts to fix 1600 failed: Bernstein's score was more like an opera than a musical comedy; the show was racist; the chorus couldn't act; Corsaro botched the staging; the producers, not having put up the original money, didn't exert enough control; and so on. But almost everyone agreed that the overriding problem was Lerner's original idea. Says Ramin: "No amount of staging, acting, choreography or whatever was going to save the book."

The book might have been less ponderous, Moses believes, had not both Lerner and Bernstein been involved. Says he: "It was like two great men meeting who decided to make a very important statement that had been on their minds about this country. Maybe if they had been younger [both are 57], more sparks would have been flying—and also more innocence. They wanted to do a sort of para-Broadway musical, but they were pulled down from their Olympian Heights by the demands of the audience for illusion, for magic, for mystery."

Loving Memory. Unlike Hollywood, where, as the adage has it, "You're only as good as your last picture," Broadway has a long and loving memory. Perhaps because stage failures are not embalmable on film, backers and producers and actors and directors tend to forget unpleasant history. This time they forgot that Lerner's last two tries for the theater, a stage version of *Gigi* and *Lolita, My Love*, were flops and that two previous shows, *Coco* and *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, were coolly received by the critics. In fact, Lerner's last clear-cut hit was *Camelot* in 1960, while Bernstein had not written for Broadway since *West Side Story* in 1957.

Last week Bernstein had returned to the safer shoals of conducting and concertizing. The optimistic Lerner was cheerful: "I am not discouraged. If failure discouraged me, I would have quit long ago. I always have plans—I'm effervescent with plans. This sort of thing happens in the theater all the time."

MILESTONES

Divorced. Flip Wilson, 42, jive-cracking comedian of assorted aliases, including the soul-searching, money-grabbing Rev. Leroy of the Church of What's Happening Now; and Blondell Pittman Wilson; after 17 years of common-law marriage, two sons, two daughters; in Miami.

Died. Edouard Saab, 47, editor of Beirut's French-language daily newspaper *L'Orient-Le Jour*; of a sniper's bullet; in war-torn Beirut, while driving to the Moslem side of the battle line after two days of reporting on the Christians. A Maronite Christian born in Syria, Saab drifted into journalism after studying law at Beirut's St. Joseph University. The author of two books on the Middle East, Saab at the time of his death was writing one on Lebanon's present conflict, which he feared could lead to genocide. He saw no solution.

Died. Shlomo Bardin, 77, founder and executive director of the Brandeis Institute, which for 35 years has run a summer retreat near Los Angeles where college-age Jewish youths are taught Hebrew culture and religion; of kidney disease; in Westlake, Calif. Born in the Ukraine, Bardin emigrated in 1919 to Palestine, where he founded a technical high school. At his death he had completed plans for a Jewish prep school on the Brandeis Institute grounds.

Died. Morris L. Ernst, 87, civil liberties and labor lawyer who served as an adviser to U.S. Presidents; in New York City. Ernst had a passion for causes, and very few were lost. An ebullient foe of censorship, he broke down the ban on James Joyce's *Ulysses*. He served as counsel to the American Newspaper Guild and the American Civil Liberties Union; he defended Communists and Frank Costello, while deploring both. Concerned in later life that too many restraints had been removed, he declared that he would not want "to live in a society without limits to freedom."

Died. Admiral Royal Eason Ingersoll, 92, commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet during World War II from 1942-44; in Bethesda, Md. A spare, taciturn man, Ingersoll directed the fight against German U-boats and oversaw the escort of U.S. troops and supplies crossing the battle-soaked Atlantic. Later, as commander of the Western Sea Frontier, he poured men and matériel into the fight against Japan.

Death Revealed. Mary Jennifer Selznick, 21, only child of Actress Jennifer Jones and the late motion picture producer David O. Selznick; after a jump or fall from the roof of a 22-story building; in Los Angeles on May 11.

"Jet Skiing past Toronto's CN Tower, I found I was on a collision course with a speedboat!"

"A Jet Ski can streak over the water as smooth as silk. But if the waves get wild, it's like a bucking bronco with a burr under the saddle."



"Diane saw the speedboat bearing down on us first. 'Look out!' she shouted. I swerved and narrowly avoided a bone-crunching crash. But now I was trapped in the boat's choppy wake."



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